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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

OUR SAVIOR'S CONVERSATION WITH NICODEMUS.

A man comes to Jesus by night, a distinguished man, a ruler of the Jews, who though convinced of the truth, is not yet prepared to compromise his reputation by an open avowal of his convictions. He comes to Jesus by night, and he says, Master, we know that thou art a teacher come from God, for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him. Our Savior, who '*knew what was in man*,'—and this, we may observe, is the striking declaration which precedes the whole account—our Savior answers, not so much to what Nicodemus had said, as to his state of mind,—and he says, except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God. Nicodemus carps at the phrase 'born again,' though he very well understand it. He knows very well that according to the usage of Jewish language, it refers to an open—to a cordial indeed—but especially to an open profession of the new religion.—Proselytes to Judaism, he knows, were constantly and familiarly described as 'born again.' So highly did the Jews conceive of the distinction and advantage of belonging to their spiritual community, that they habitually denominated proselytes 'new creatures.' Jesus speaks again, and what does he say? Does he simply and emphatically repeat what he had already said, as if it were some great and remarkable canon-law of the new kingdom, and as if he was now, for the first time announcing the spiritual part of this requisiton? On the contrary, he had announced that a thousand times before! He never spoke to a bad man, of whom he did not virtually require a conversion. No, he speaks again, only to touch again the point of the noble but irresolute and time-serving inquirer's deficiency. 'Except a man be born of *water*'—be baptized into an open profession of his faith—'except a man be born of *water*, and of the spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.'—Have you ever thought it strange, my friends,—for I confess that I once did—that the spiritual teacher should lay such stress on a mere form? This is the explanation: that regardless, as it were of every thing else, regardless of all system, regardless almost of his own great claims, and of the congruities of his own public character as a spiritual teacher, he always fixed his eye upon one point, he always spoke to one point, and that was the point on which the inquirer's improvement depended. The great obstacle in the way of Nicodemus, was his worldly pride, ambition—subserviency to the world; and our Savior lays the stress precisely there; he tells the Jewish ruler, that if he would be a Christian, he must throw away these vain compromises with the world, and be an open, bold, and decided professor of Christianity. Religion to him, was to be a victory over worldly fears and compliances.

How different is this from our modern teaching, when neither speaker, nor hearer oftentimes, is satisfied with a sermon, unless it contains what is called 'the whole counsel'—unless the sermon be a kind of epitome of divinity—or at any rate unless the sermon preach Christ; which means not as it anciently did, preaching Christianity, but preaching some peculiar views of the person of sufferings of Christ. I fear, that some of our modern hearers who turn contemptuously away from many sermons, saying there is nothing of Christ in them, would have found the preaching of the Master to have been scarcely satisfactry. 'What,' they would say, had they overheard the conversation with Nicodemus—'tell an anxious inquirer about the great salvation, that he must make a profession of religion; lay all the stress upon that? Not a word about sin; not a word about the atonement; not a word about faith, nor repentance?'—How many modern divines would be alarmed for their reputation, if they could be proved to have been, in this respect, very close imitators of Christ—if they could be convicted of having preached discourse after discourse, to some simple point of every day morality, without having said a word about what are called 'the great doctrines.' And how would Jesus have lost all his power and charm, as a teacher—how, indeed, could we have believed in him, if he had come forward on all occasions with his formula of doctrine, or his shibboleth of faith!

Instead of this, Jesus evermore speaks to the heart, and to the very heart before him, and not another. Not one technical form of truth, but the whole world, the whole universe of truth is before him, and he wields all its powers and commands all its resources freely, and freely applies them to the regeneration of men around him. He speaks, not so much as the champion of truth, as its master. He is not so much an innovator, as a reformer. The founder of a new religion, he forgets not the old, the eternal truths, that have been taught in former days, that have dwelt forever in the bosom of human experience, but labors to start them into life and action.

Well is it said, that 'never man spake as this man;' there *never* was such a teacher. I am not surprised that 'the people were astonished at his doctrine.' I follow him, with a kind of wonder in my own heart, at every word he utters. There is a piercing discrimination, and at the same time, an awful reality and sobriety in his instructions, that make me feel as if the words he uttered, had reverberated in the secret places of my own soul; as if they were tones from the innermost sanctuary of consciousness.

My feeling is, that the teachings of our Savior were not ordinarily accompanied with any strong emotions. Their leading characteristic seems to me to have been a calm and penetrating insight into the human heart. 'He knew what was in man.' He looked beneath the surface, into the very heart. The power of his preaching was not so much the power of emotion, as the power of simple, practical, pertinent truth. We follow him through his life and teachings, with the feeling that he is solving just such questions of duty and cases of conscience, as are wont to rise in our own hearts. They are every where filled with those natural and touching incidents, those affecting interviews, that sober and quiet talking of heart with heart, that make us feel that it is all real and true—that such events and conversations must have happened. It is as if a parent sat down by his erring child, and said, 'my child! you know that these things are true.' That parent might not make any great demonstration of feeling, perhaps; he would be teo intent and serious, it may be, to give way to a flood of emotion; he might not weep. Neither did Jesus; for of this extraordinary being it is but once recorded that he wept. But he spoke with a power of truth, that went far beyond the contagious power of sympathy. And if I were called upon to mention what is to me the most touching trait in the preaching of Jesus, I should say, it is that sobriety, that self-restraint; that heart, fired with zeal, yet filled with patience; that heart filled with the most exquisite tenderness, yet was calm and subdued. The majesty of the Gospel, indeed, is its truth; but that truth comes more powerfully to the heart, when veiled beneath those softened and touching features of sweet serenity and tenderness, than if it flashed out from the splendors of Sinai.

But I must not farther enlarge at present, on these views of the preaching of Jesus—hints though they have been. I beseech you to read the New Testament with this intent—to feel the pertinency and heart-penetrating power of our Savior's instruction. I would that I could persuade the skeptic, so to read the New Testament, for once. And I feel morally sure, that he could not do this, and remain an unbeliever. —*Dewey.*

'WOE UNTO YOU WHEN MEN SHALL SPEAK WELL OF YOU.'—LUKE VI. 26.

The desire of human approbation is no doubt implanted for the best purposes in our moral constitution. It impels men to the most generous and virtuous achievements. It deters from the pursuits of sin and shame. The opinion of other men is a multiplied mirror which the Almighty has hung around every human mind. To that mirror each one looks, that he may rectify his own conscience. It is at the same time the source of some of our purest, finest, highest enjoyments. How delicious is the testimonial of sincere and honorable approbation! It causes the eye of almost unspeaking childhood to glisten with joy. It awakens the most strenuous efforts in the prime and mid-day of life. It even draws tears of pleasure from hardened and experienced age.

Nor is this great principle unsanctioned even by Scripture itself. How beautifully does Job, with a just complacency, recall the honorable standing which he enjoyed among his fellow men. 'When the ear heard me,' says he, 'then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness unto me; because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me; and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.' The New Testament also is not without its directions, implying a fair regard for the good opinion of other men. 'Let your light,' says Jesus, 'so shine *before men*, that they, seeing your good works, may glorify your Father, who is in heaven.' And the Apostle, at the close of that passage, which sums up the objects of a Christian's thoughts, bids the Philippians to reflect on 'whatsoever things are *lovely*, whatsoever things are of *good report*; and if there be any virtue, or any *praise*'—that is, any thing *worthy of praise*—'to think on these things.'

But even the most agreeable, useful, and necessary objects, may become mischievous and poisonous, if used in excess, or applied in an improper manner. The water, which refreshes and fertilizes, may overwhelm and ruin. The fire which warms and blesses, may rage to utter destruction. The food which sustains life, may pamper, corrupt, and undermine it. In like manner, the desire of praise, which was conferred on us for so many benevolent and excellent purposes, may be indulged to such a degree, as to destroy all independence of character, to confound all moral principles and moral distinctions, and to reduce society itself to a festering mass. It was in reference to these deplorable effects, that our Savior uttered the broad and unqualified language of the text—Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you. Observe, we are not forbidden to endeavor to *deserve* that men should speak well of us. Nor can our Savior mean to imply, that we must neglect the cultivation of those qualities and virtues which generally command the esteem and approbation of mankind. His words, you will remark, were primarily and immediately addressed to his twelve Apostles, whom he was preparing by a long course of discipline and instruction to go forth and wage an unremitting warfare with bad and prejudiced men. Now to aim at obtaining the good graces of such opponents as these, would have been treason to their Master and his cause, and an utter prostration and degradation of their own character.

Jesus also unquestionably alluded, by a bitter and sarcastic contrast, to the characters of the Pharisees themselves, who were the chief opposers of his gospel. These men employed every possible method to stand well with their countrymen. They flattered their prejudices; they fostered their proneness to corruption; they exerted all sorts of arts to acquire a fair, but specious and hollow reputation. So that a part of the force of our Savior's caution in the text amounted to this, be not like the popularity-seeking and popularity-loving Pharisees.

But, my brethren, the text is of permanent, extensive, and general application. It is as true this moment as it was in the stormy, corrupt, and perilous times of Jesus Christ the righteous. In fact, it seems to be in many respects, *literally* true, and to require very little, if any, modification to become an established and universal maxim, at least so long as the world is broken up, as it is, into fragmentary masses of error, prejudice, and imperfection. I will explain my meaning in detail.

Let us imagine a person, who contrives to glide through the world so easily, as to secure the professed approbation in most respects, of all parties, all denominations, and all classes of men, whether good or bad. Is it not evident that such a man must be destitute of any very strict or rigid principle? Has he possessed any independence of character? Has he dared to uttor an opinion, or even to call his soul his own? Has he not smiled upon all alike? Has he ever loudly testified to what he considered error? Has he ever rebuked sin to its face? Must he not frequently have sacrificed great principles at the shrine of a hollow-hearted love of popularity? Must he not often have been silent, when he ought to have spoken out? And for what has he stolen along this slippery and changing course? That he might be spared, perhaps, the inflicted pang of a frown or a cool slight, or the hue and cry of a bad name, or the trouble of denying and refuting error, or the danger incurred by opposing what he considers wrong. Well, perhaps he has gained these miserable rewards. Perhaps, to use a common expression, he has played his cards successfully. Yet, nevertheless, with emphatic and awful truth he illustrates, in various ways, the high denunciation—woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you.

For, in the first place, he has *not* won the deep esteem and reverence of all—nor, perhaps, of any. It is one thing to *speak* well of a character of this description, but it is another thing to *feel* for him a sentiment of affection. And mankind will *never* bestow their highest rewards, or choicest honors, or most lavish confidence on him, whose strongest claim consists in a wary, prudent, innocent, negative, empty management.

In the next place, he verifies the text by the positive trouble, anxiety, and alarm which his own narrow policy is every moment inflicting upon himself. In order that all men shall speak well of him, what caution must be perpetually employed! How must he sacrifice the exalted enjoyment of a free expression of his opinions! How difficult always to catch the popular breeze! How arduous to direct his course between opposite parties—to be a common friend among enemies—to be the humble servant of all! Such a man's life is a never-ending servitude. He who is chained to the galley need not envy him!

And in the third place, disastrous to the last degree is such a plan of life to a man's *spiritual* interests. His conscience, if he have any, must be torn into very shreds by his vacillating and uncertain principles. No cheering recollections of generous efforts, of intrepid exertions, of disinterested activity in the cause of right, sustain him as he approaches the deep, dark shadows of the grave. The universal smile of the universal world, for which he has sacrificed every thing, will there be exchanged for a mocking and chattering hiss of scorn—and he will have done nothing to deserve that most glorious of rewards which glistens among the Savior's promises, the welcome of well done, thou good and faithful servant—enter thou into the joy of thy Lord. I dare not follow him among the spirits of justified men made perfect, or before the tribunal of God the judge of all.

Foreign travellers in this country assert that the especial moral obliquity denounced in this discourse, is signally chargeable against us Americans. It is said, that living as we do in a democracy, and being all equal in the eye of the law, and each of us feeling ourselves under the absolute control of a majority, we in a manner instinctively acquire the habit of perpetually guaging public opinion, so as to shape our characters and principles according to the will of the majority, and have all men speak well of us, rather than conform to the everlasting and unalterable standard of rectitude. It may be so—and that same despicable flexibility which in other countries prostrates the soul before a single tyrannical despot, may often cause Americans too much to reverence the decisions of the multitude. It is something to have our danger and the nature of it thus pointed out, for we shall so be better enabled to guard against it. Let us then learn to *be* on our guard in the quarter where our acknowledged peril lies. With a proper reverence for the opinions of others, and a due sense of the value of their enlightened approbation, let us all at the same time cherish the independence and the dignity of a modest self-reliance.

Conscience! To *thy* decrees we would listen. To *thee* may we ever yield an anxious and constant obedience. Establish thy throne within our spirits—and wave thy hallowed, restraining, sanctifying, and directing sceptre over every moment of our lives.

Ye well-instructed and judicious *few*, circle of faithful, honest *friends*—who have no cause to flatter, and no reason unjustly to condemn—be *ye* our guides through the perplexities and difficulties of this all uncertain world.

And thou, oh spirit of truth, of light, and of rectitude! Thou, our original Creator, and our final judge—be present to our souls—let the fear of thee expel every other fear—let *thine* approbation be acknowledged, and be *felt* to be—our HEAVEN!—*S. Gilman.*

For the Register and Observer.

THE WORKS OF CHARLES FOLLEN, WITH A MEMOIR OF HIS LIFE, IN FIVE VOLUMES.

There are many who devote great powers and strong wills to achieving intellecual greatness, many who are willing to do good if at the same time they may gain that praise and earthly reward that attends great works of mind,—but few who with power sufficient for such achievements, yet choose to sacrifice it all to that work which gains little praise of men, but oftener blame and condemnation, the work of upholding great but neglected principles by a life devoted to them.

This was Dr. Follen's praise. Deeply learned and capable of attaining high distinction by his learning, he yet throughout his life sacrificed such prospects for the sake of being a Reformer. To defend neglected truths, to speak for the oppressed, for him were objects higher than all others. And he was a true Reformer—not one of those who seek to do good by contention, or who think that to help one portion of our fellow men it is better to quarrel with the other—but one who labored by the law of love, who urged on others nothing of which he did not first give a living example in himself, and who, though always acting on his own highest convictions even to a difference with his best friend, yet so differed from him that he was no less his friend:—and so, though many disagreed with him in principle, and many believed he erred in judgment, yet there were none, even of those, who did not love him and respect him.

Thus he was truly great. He had a power of persuasion, a force of character which few men have.—And his memory will live, not through great works of intellect or learning, learned as he was—(he was so busy in his works of goodness that he could not have time for these)—but his example will survive and his name will shine when that of many seeming greater men has faded by the light of true goodness and steady principle that surrounds it.

The history of his life by the hand best able to record it is now before us. It is a large book, but few we think will wish it smaller; none we are sure can read it without great interest and profit. With it comes a selection from his writings. The second volume contains a selection from his sermons; the third a series of lectures on Schiller, consisting of a brief biographical sketch, and sketches of his principal plays with copious translations; the fourth volume contains a course of lectures on Moral Philosophy with the commencement of a work on Psychology, which, if it had been completed, would have supplied to us a great deficiency;—and the fifth consists of Miscellanies—among others, an article reprinted from the Christian Examiner on the Future state of Man, a little work on Religion and the Church, and his Funeral Oration on the death of Dr. Spurzheim.

We are sorry that the work is so large, for we fear its size will keep it from the hands of many to whom the record of such a life would be most precious. We wish the Life could be prepared in a seperate form for more general circuiation.

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DR. ECKLEY'S VIEW OF THE SON OF GOD.

Messrs Editors,—Those who claim to be exclusively orthodox among us insist that the Bible teaches the doctrine of a Trinity; viz. three persons in one God, coexistent, co-eternal; yet distinct; each equally God, of the same essence, of the same infinite attributes;—any deviation from this proposition or article—be it *Arianism* or *semi-Arianism*; or *Sabellianism*, is essentially and fatally erroneous according to their creed; that if this doctrine be set aside, the whole scheme or system of redemption by Christ fails, or is fatally injured—'That it is a *revealed fact*, that God exists in *three persons*; and is to be received and embraced and shall be by every true christian! To the consideration of those who thus profess, and thus write or speak, we recommend the following paragraph, from a letter of the late Dr. Eckley, Pastor of the old South Church, who died about twenty one years ago—and addressed to Mr. Worcester, brother of Dr. Noah Worcester, author of 'Bible News.'

A.

'My plan respecting the Son of God is similar to your brother's. The common plan of *three self-existent persons forming one essence, one infinite Being, and one of these persons united to a man*, but not in the least humbling himself or suffering, completely leads to and ends in Socianism—and though it claims the form of orthodoxy, it is as a shadow without the substance. It eludes inspection, and sometimes says to those who are strenuous for this doctrine, that they take away my Lord, and I know not where they place him. —The orthodoxy, so called, of Dr. Waterland is as repugnant to my reason and view of religion, as the heterodoxy of Dr. Lardner—and I am at a loss to see that any solid satisfaction, for a person who wishes to find salvation through the death of the Son of God, can be found in either. I seek for a plan which exalts the personal character of the Son of God in the highest possible degree—the plan of your brother does this.'

THE PRESS—THE PULPIT.

If it be supposed that the press is becoming the great preacher, and will supersede other preachers, because it speaks easily and cheaply to all classes and conditions, and sends its instructions copiously into every house and every hovel, it is enough to reply that experience has given no sign of any such event. All success to the press! Let it pursue, as diligently as possible, its work of scattering light wherever light can penetrate! But it never will nor can take the place of the oral instructer. Tell me not that sermons, and exhortations, and counsel, and consolation, can all be read at home, and that better can be read than can be heard. This will be readily allowed, and yet it proves not by any means the point interposed. And so can better lectures on science and literature be read at home than can be heard in our lecture rooms. And yet our lecture rooms, in town and country, are multiplying. Lectures might be printed, and distributed to every family, instead of being publicly pronounced. But would the people be satisfied with this substitution? Do they not flock to scientific and literary lectures more eagerly than ever? And is it not so also with religious lectures? The truth is, that not only is opportunity secured by the announced purpose of public instruction, many going at a specified time to hear, who might seldom find or make time to read, but there is also something in the voice of man which will command the attention of man, there is something in living human utterance which will interest human affections, till time shall be no more. Neither the invention of the press, noble as it is, nor any other human invention, can possibly supersede that miracle and gift of God, the voice of man. In its changeful tones, in its wondrous compass, and in its indescribable powers of expression, there is a spirit which you cannot have on the leaves of a book. And so it is with the accompaniments of speaking. There is a charm, a mystery, in the living face, eye, hand, presence, which is to be found only in these.—*Greenwood.*

WHAT AND HOW SHALL THE PREACHER PREACH?

What shall the preacher preach? I answer, and again with a view to permanence, that which has been always preached—ever old and ever new—ever to be repeated and ever needing repetition; and never trite or wearisome to the attentive spirit, or void of healing efficacy to the broken and contrite spirit. Tidings which were glad ones long centuries ago, and which now are very glad—tidings of pity, of deliverance, of love, of hope, of glory; the mercy of God the infinite; the free salvation through Christ the Savior—these are the tidings which, with some variations of form and circumstance, are to be published while the world lasts, to rich and poor. 'The spirit of the Lord God is upon me,' said Isaiah, and a greater than Isaiah appropriated the words to himself, 'because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings to the meek.' And what better tidings are to be preached now? Paul before Feliz, 'reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come;' and on what greater themes can any of us reason now? Amidst all the pretension and grandiloquence which is the foible of the present age, we can reason of nothing more important and vital than righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come;—and God grant that we reason of them with something of the power with which Paul did! Paul preached Christ and him crucified; and on what more interesting and touching, what more exciting and thrilling topic, can we now discourse, and pour out our hearts? We may take this for certain, that while any frailty and any sin, while any humility, gratitude, love, remain on earth, Christ and his cross will be the dearest of themes to the frail, the humble, and the loving. If one says to me, By the grace of God, I have found a new, or a hitherto neglected mode of bringing old truths to bear on some minds which had under their old forms repelled them,—I hope most sincerely that he is right, and cordially do I wish him success in his work. But if one complains to me, We want some superior and essential truth, never yet communicated to or by man, before we can do anything; or if another boasts, I have got a great and effectual truth never before revealed by men or angels, and with it I will do everything,—in general I have no power to answer a word, but remain in silent musing and amazement.

And if these ancient subjects of the Law and the Gospel, be the subjects to be presented before men now and always, *how* are they to be presented?—*how* must the preacher discuss them? In few words I reply, that the preacher must preach very much as his predecessors have preached—those of them, I mean, who have in any degree deserved the name of preachers. Not that he is, in servile mood, to imitate the best of them; but he is not to imagine that they are so wholly outstripped, obsolete, and left behind in the intellectual and moral march, that he can learn nothing from them, and is only to despise and surpass them. Let him not be so unjust to the learning and eloquence which have shed their light over the past. Let him not be so confident in his own powers of invention. His style may vary in some respects with the taste of the age, with the peculiarities of his own temperament and constitution, and with the capacity and wants of his hearers, but the essentials of manner must in all times be the same. Man has ever the same human mind, and the same human heart. To the human mind must the preacher address himself by the power of reasoning, to the human heart by the powers of sympathy and persuasion. A new kind of flourish may do for a while, but only for a while. Directness and simplicity will resume their sway. New cates and dainties may answer for a season, but the natural and healthy appetite will return, and it will certainly demand the plain bread of life, and be satisfied with nought else.—*Ibid.*

LABOR, THE PRICE OF TRUTH.

Read and ponder the following, ye who content yourselves with an easy faith in the conventional words of a popular creed, and are slow to appreciate the struggles of such as toil to see the TRUTH through all disguises.

To see things as they are, to see them through a clear, uncolored medium, to strip them of every disguise, to put to silence our own passions and prejudices, to resist the intolerance, the servility, the established errors and earthly modes of thought, the arrogant pretensions and the nervous fears of the multitude around us, and, amidst all these hindrances and obscurations, to discern the truth in its simplicity and majesty; this is a labor which turns to sport the toil of the hands and the sweat of the brow; and to hold fast this truth openly, fearlessly, amidst outcry, scorn, desertion, persecution, is a heroism, before which the exploits of conquerors grow vulgar and tame.

It is a common notion, that it is no great task to acquire religious truths in a country, which enjoys, as we do, a revelation from God. The revelation is thought to save us the trouble of research, to do our work for us. But this is a great error. You should learn, that the very familiarity of a revelation hides its truths from us, or is an obstacle to clear comprehension. Abstract words, continually sounded in our ears, lose their meaning and force, and are among the last words which we really understand. The language of Christianity, which has come down from distant ages; which in every age has received a coloring from prevalent errors, passions, and corruptions; on which men of different conditions, interests, feelings, and mental powers, have fastened different interpretations; which we heard before we could think, and to which we attached the narrow, earthly conceptions of the opening intellect; this language it is an immense toil to divest of all false associations, and to restore to its original significance. Add to this the difficulty which springs from the refined, spiritual, sublime character of moral and religious truth, and you will learn what you must do to seize this pearl of great price. What a work is it to form a true idea of God; to separate from him all material forms and attributes, all human passions and human limitations! How hard to separate from him all self-reference and arbitrariness, all love of rule, of homage, and kingly power. How hard to contemplate him as calm, unimpassioned reason, as impartial, disinterested, all-comprehending love; as having no will but the everlasting law of righteousness; as having no favorites; as the ever-present inspirer and judge of every soul! How hard to look through the multiplied forces and agencies of the universe to one central all-pervading Power; beyond the endless mutations and conflicts of human life, to one unchangeable, all-reconciling Wisdom! The true idea of God, that highest thought of angels, demands for its developement, the study of a life. How hard, too, is it to attain to the true idea of Coristian Duty; to purify this from all debasing mixtures; to keep it from being stained by the sophisty of the passions, by the interpretations of theologians, by the moral standard of our age, by the spirit and practice of the world and the church! How hard, again, to attain to the true idea of a Man; to discern the greatness of our nature and its affinity with God, amidst its present ruins; to comprehend it as revealed in the character and life of Christ.

My Brother, do not think that you know the truth because you are familiar with the words which envelope it. I repeat it, the very commonness of Christianity throws over it a mist not easily penetrated. You have to break the spell of habit, the spell of mental associations stronger than adamant. You must put forth more force of thought on the religion, because it is so familiar. A true faith is as hard an attainment now as in the first age of Christianity. A revelation is not given to deliver us from the toil of seeking truth. This is the great work of every rational being, especially the great work of him who aspires to be a teacher. Thirst for the truth. Study, inquire, and pray for it. Welcome it from whatever quarter it may shine. Be willing to pay for it the price of ease, honor, life. Of all crimes, dread none more than that of shutting out God's light from your mind.—*W. E. Channing.*

(From the Boston Courier.)

MEETING AT CAMBRIDGE.

A numerous meeting of the citizens of Cambridge, chiefly inhabitants of the village of Old Cambridge, was held in the vestry of the Unitarian Meeting-House, on Monday evening. Joseph T. Buckingham was appointed Chairman, and Charles R. Metcalf, Secretary.

A Committee, of which O. P. Keith, Esq. was chairman, appointed at a previous meeting, made a report, stating the grievances of which the people of Cambridge and the adjoining towns so justly complain, and the extent and mode of redress which the laws of the state afforded. To the report were annexed the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted.

Whereas many disorderly persons, chiefly from the city of Boston, are guilty of rude behavior, and furious driving and racing through our streets, especially on the Sabbath, whereby they desecrate the Lord's day, outrage common decency, disturb the peace and good order of society, endanger the live, limbs, and safety of the citizens, and wantonly violate the laws of the land,—

And whereas these evils have, for several years, been increasing in Cambridge, and seem to threaten still further increase, therefore,

1. Resolved, That the present is a suitable time for the citizens of towns adjacent to Boston to unite in remonstrating against these evils, and adopting suitable measures for the effectual suppression of them.

2. Resolved, That all Sheriffs, Grand Jurors, and Constables, within the town of Cambridge, be requested to inquire into, and inform of, all wanton offences against the 2d Section of the 50th Chapter of the Revised Statutes, and bring such offenders to condign punishment, as, by law, it is their duty to do.

3. Resolved, That we heartily respond to the views taken of this matter by the citizens of Brighton and Watertown, as expressed in the report of their doings at meetings recently held in those towns.

And whereas the driving of cattle, sheep and swine to the market at Brighton, is an evil of great and increasing magnitude, and inflicts on the people of this village great inconvenience, and unnecessary annoyance,

4. Resolved, That we respectfully remonstrate with those of our fellow-citizens whose occupation is the driving of cattle to market, against this violation of courtesy and of law, and, in a spirit of kindness and charity, request them to make such arrangements of their business as will leave us in the quiet enjoyment of our rights, and of the satisfaction of attending the public worship of God unmolested.

And whereas it is believed that many of our fellow-citizens of Boston, and the villages in the vicinity, are connected with the drovers, either directly or indirectly, in buying and selling, and have it in their power to control, in a great measure, the times and places for carrying on the trade in cattle, sheep, and swine,—

5. Resolved, That they be respectfully requested to use their endeavors to persuade the drovers to desist entirely from driving their animals through our streets on the Sabbath; and that, if persuasion be ineffectual, they compel a compliance with this reasonable demand, by changing the marget-day at Brighton from Monday to some other day in the week.

5. Resolved, That the Selectmen of Cambridge be requested to take immediate measures to have a suitable code of By-Laws established by the town, conducive to its peace, welfare and good order, with such penalties annexed thereto, as are authorized by the laws of this Commonwealth.

7. Resolved, That a Committee be chosen to correspond with committees, or individuals of the neighboring towns, and to devise means for suppressing the evils of which we complain.

8. Resolved, That the doings of this meeting be signed by the Chairman and Secretary, and published in the Boston Courier, Morning Post, and Mercantile Journal.

After the adoption of these resolutions, a petition to the Selectmen, asking them to call a town-meeting for the purpose mentioned in the sixth resolution, was drawn up, and signed by the requisite number of legal voters.

The meeting was then dissolved.

JOS. T. BUCKINGHAM, *Chairman*,
Charles R. Metcalf, *Secretary*.
Cambridge, June 16, 1842.

'WORK OUT YOUR OWN SALVATION.'—PAUL.

I wish to fix attention on this single expressson; 'work out your own salvation.' Language could not more emphatically describe the necessity of individual exertion in this matter. '*Work* out your own salvation.' Something, then, is to be done to gain this blessing. 'Work out your *own* salvation.' Something is to be done by each individual being for himself. But here, perhaps, there meets us on the very threshold a misgiving;—a disposition to quality this, if not to question it. 'Something—true, something is to be done; we must use the means; we must put ourselves in the way of being religious i we must wish for salvation.' Nay, says the Apostle, 'work *out* your salvation;' do it entirely; complete the work. *He* had none of this modern scruple about human ability. Shall I be reminded, that he teaches, in this very verse, the doctrine of the divine influence? Nay, I say again, *not* as depreciating human ability—*not* as discouraging human endeavor, does he teach it, but as enforcing his precept that we should work—'*for*,' says he, work out your own salvation, *for* it is God that worketh within you. Be assiduous, be laborious, be thorough in this undertaking, especially, *because* God will help you.

But let me explain a little, what I understand by working out our own salvation; what is meant by man's agency in the matters of religion. It is not meant, certainly, that we should think to gain salvation by our own *merit*; for it is the gift of the mercy of God. It is not meant, that we should use any ceremonies, or make any offerings, or believe in any doctrines, as being of themselves meritorious or efficacious to procure salvation; for Chsist our passover is slain for us, and has superseeded all such superficial, ceremonial reliances. Neither is it meant that we should expect to gain salvation by our *unassisted* endeavors; for we are weak and dependent creatures in all our efforts, and it becomes us to feel this especially in the high and difficult and solemn concerns of religion. But I do understand from the words of the text, that the salvation of the soul depends on our own efforts, in this sense at least,—that he who sincerely strives for it will certainly be saved, and that he who does not strive for for it will certainly be lost. I do understand from it, that final salvation, or future happiness is granted to nothing but purity of mind or holiness, which holiness can no more be obtained without our own effort, than knowledge can be obtained without our own effort; that a man might as well sit down idly, and expect to be a philosopher without exertion, as to sit down idly, and expect to be a Christian without exertion; that a supernatural influence is no more likely to help his indolence in one case, than the other; that sloth in spiritual things is just as ruinous to our inward welfare, as sloth in wordly things is ruinous to our outward welfare. I do understand from it, that no scheme of redemption, no offer of mercy, nor grace of election; no power of faith, nor promise of perseverance, no covenanted faithfulness; no alters heaped with the slain, no blood of atonement, no costly rites, nor splended masses, nor lofty privileges; no, nor even the superabounding mercy of the Almighty, will ever save that man *who does nothing for himself*. I believe that there is a feast provided, but, then, I do understand from the very nature of the figure, that no one can be benefited by it unless he partake of it; that there is a treasure of life, but then, it is a treasure to be gained and guarded; that there is a salvation, but then it is a salvation to be wrought out.

Christians! ye must work. That is the law and the discipline of the christian Master. Thst was his example, and that is the faith in him, and that is the true perseverance of saints, and that is the only assured and certain election, and that alone is the legitimate fruit and effect of redeeming prayers and blood.

Ye must work. A form of outward decency meets not the requisition. Within, within, there must be a work, a toil, a care unceasing. The sun must not more regu-

larly call you to this inward endeavor, to this keeping of the heart. Do you know any thing of this? Do you know any thing of this daily conflict with your passions, of this daily subduing of evil desires, of vows and prayers each day going forth to meet the perils of this great moral strife. Alas! there may be those who hear me who scarcely know yet that they have any foes. You think of the vicious and profligate, of the slaves of lucre, of the victims of corrupt ambition, of the children of folly, fashion and vanity, and you feel that they have a work to do; but you think not of those principles within yourselves which constantly threaten to lead you to one or another of these very excesses, and that assuredly will lead you to them unless they are strenuously resisted and incessantly guarded;—nay more, which may already have lead you to some of these fatal habits of feeling or indulgences of sense—for it is often the most confirmed evil in the soul that is least suspected.

Once more I say, to all who would be saved from the thronging and threatning dangers of a sinful world, ye must work out your salvation. Nothing less will do for you. Nothing will do for your hearts, but keeping them. Nothing will do for your propensities, but resisting them. Nothing will do for your temptations but overcoming them. The world is the very field for this great endeavor. This is the very condition, on which any soul can be saved. And it is the perpetual condition. It is even now, as it was in the beginning. They who once, in contending for the christian steadfastness, resisted unto blood, had not occasion for a more lofty spiritual energy, than have we. To meet the axe, and the fagot, did not require a more invincible resolution and steadfastness than it now does to meet the sharp and fiery trial of virtue.

Why can I not make every hearer see this? Bear with me, if I address many who do see this—bear with me if I speak as to some who see it not. Say, then, thou who art at ease in this matter—say, what is your strongest propensity. Is it to procure wealth? Is it to obtain distinction, such as office, or the fame of talents will give? Is it the gratification of the senses—is it pleasure? Is it the love of distinction, or the love of gold, or some guiltier desire that stirs' with restless impulse in your bosom? Say which of these has the mastery, or whether all by turns have their hour of ruling?

Well, then, I tell you, that in every path where these impulses carry you, you shall meet, in some form or other of temptation, the dread enemy of your soul. I tell you that the sharp and fiery trial *shall* assail your virtue. I tell you that the occasion shall come—stealing upon yon in the disguise of false principles, or rushing upon you in the flood of the passions—when you must be armed with the strength of prayer, when you must strive, resisting as it were unto blood, when you must stand firm and strong in the energies of immortal virtue; or you shall be a lost man! Every hour it may come, at the table of the money changer, and at the table of feasting; at the bright noonday, or in the black night; and if you do not arouse yourself and put on all the might of prayer and faith vowed fidelity, as certainly as you have a moral nature—as certainly as you are capable of falling into evil, you shall be a sinful being here, and a miserable being hereafter.

Work out your salvation, then, for so only can it be gained. Work out your salvation—shall I not say with the Apostles' addition?—work out your own salvation with fear and trembling—knowing also, for your encouragement to work, knowing that it is God who worketh in you, that he will not suffer the virtue that is faithful to be too weak for the trial, that he will not suffer the world to gain that soul which is given to him,—knowing that it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure.—*Dewey.*

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, JUNE 25, 1842.

REFLECTIONS IN A SUNDAY SCHOOL.

It happened not long ago that several ladies and gentlemen paid a visit to a Sunday School where their children were accustomed to receive religious instruction, and one of them being requested to address the meeting, said a few words to the pupils and then spoke to the parents and teachers, in substance, as follows:

Look with me, one moment, upon the countenances of these children, now sitting in the midst of us. True, and God be thanked for it, our first feeling is one of unmingled pleasure. We rejoice and are hopeful, as we contemplate so much health and innocence, and think how hands, guided by Christian intelligence and love, are employed in training those young faculties, which give promise of future excellence. It is as if we had betaken ourselves to one of nature's loveliest spots, on a bright day of the opening year, when the whole creation is instinct with vernal life, and every hour gives birth to some new leaf or blossom, and there is not any thing that does not seem to rejoice and call on us to sympathize with its gladness. We yield to the influence of the scene; it is pleasant to do so; it is useful too; for it gives us heart to labor when we know we have the best materials to work upon, and all things above and around smile encouragingly on us.

But look again with me along these full seats. Are the occupants to remain always as they now are? A feeling of more serious interest now awakens within us. These children are fast growing up. Soon they will be men and women, standing side by side with us, in all the relations and pursuits of life. What will they do there? Will they act the part of friends, or of enemies? We know they will be free, and have power. How will they use their liberty and strength? Will they be blessings, or will they be curses, to the community? Now, can we ponder these questions, and such as these, and, at the same time, consider how much their future character and conduct, how much their influence on us and on society at large, for good or for evil, will depend on the principles and habits we now help them to form, and not feel for them a profound and unremitting solicitude—not be prompt to do any thing, and every thing, we possibly can, to prepare them betimes for usefulness in the world?

But I must ask you to take with me still another view of these children. Know we not that the world into which they are soon to go forth, is a world of sorrow? Is any human being exempt from this? Can we point to a single individual of these two hundred young persons, and say, there is one, who will never learn by experience what is meant by blight of hopes, disruption of affection's ties, faithlessness of friends, loss of property, death of relatives, protracted sickness? Cheerful and happy as these children now seem, no person on earth can shield them from adversity, in coming years. Who can think of this, and not anxiously inquire, how shall they be fitted, beforehand, to bear affliction well? Oh, my friends, could we lift a little the veil that conceals from our view their future fortunes, we might shudder to behold the troubles with which they are destined to contend. Where is the one thing needful in life's darker hours, to be found? Whence comes the strength whereby the soul is enabled to sustain itself under the pressure of calamity? Whence, but from the religion of the blessed Jesus,—that religion which is taught in the Sunday School? Doubt me not, when I say, that if these children are not to yield to adversity as the uptorn tree to the blast, they must now, in this their forming period, be thoroughly fortified by moral and religious principles. Leave them to themselves, in these their young days, and we may see them hereafter, crushed by the first burden of affliction; but give them just views and sentiments now, and we may hope that, whatever be the trial to which they may be called, they will endure it nobly, and come out of it, like gold from the furnace, the better for the fires, through which they shall have passed.

But let us glance once more, at this interesting company of youthful ones. Can we avoid feelings of a still stronger and more anxious kind, when we consider that these children, now so innocent, artless and unsuspecting, must soon meet, at least many of them, not only with events to try their fortitude, but with allurements to sin, which it will be difficult for them, unless thoroughly prepared beforehand to resist. Need any one be told, that vice will spread snares for them as enticing as they are destructive? There is no large city, in which the young are not exposed to evils over which angels might weep. We delight to look upon their open, smiling, lovely faces, to-day; but the time may come when we cannot see them or think of them, but with unutterable pain. I am aware that such words, at such a time, will fall on reluctant, incredulous ears. But what does observation teach, every day, as we pass the streets. Who does not meet with men and women, over whose childhood their parents looked as fondly and as full of hope as any of us dwell now on the countenances of our dearest offspring? How changed!—how fallen! Those features on which the image of heaven once seemed impressed, are swollen, and distorted, and haggard by excessive indulgence. And what has been, may be again. Neither these children, nor any children can long be safe, especially in a populous city without moral and religious principles deeply and firmly fixed in their souls. Fathers and mothers may flatter themselves with dreams of security, and neglect to teach their children religion at home, and care little about sending them to the Sunday Schools, and carelessly suffer them to go out, unprotected, into the world's wilderness; but let me tell them, that as certain as it is that the sun will rise to-morrow, so certain is it, that a thousand temptations lie in ambush along the path their children will have to tread, ready to spring, like some wild beast of the forest, upon unsuspecting hearts. What solicitude and carefulness, then do not become us! Can any thing better befit us, whether parents or teachers, or merely common members of society, than fresh resolutions, renewed ardor, and increased diligence, in the great work of moral and religious education, so that every child shall receive early his only armor of protection against the vices that bring down so many of our fellow beings to the lowest depth of degradation?

But there is still another relation in which I beg you to contemplate these our young friends. Not one of them all but is an immortal being. Not one of them all but is accountable to God for the character he forms in this life. Not one of them all but will find his condition beyond the grave, affected favorably or unfavorably, by the good or evil he has done on earth. Does not every one of us know this? Does not every one of us know that the experiment has now begun, and, in every subsequent year of their lives, will be going on, which is to decide their future destiny? And more; does not every one of us know, that their characters are modified by every step they take, by every thought they think, by every feeling they cherish, by all their voluntary movements, speculations, and emotions? And still further; does not every one of us know, how far reaching and effective are the influences of early life—how the whole future career is often shaped and determined by the principles and habits acquired in childhood—how what we sow in the spring time of our existence we reap, in manhood, in old age, in eternity—how, as the holy Bible tells us, we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according what he hath done, whether it be good or whether it be evil?

With what interest, therefore, is not the great subject of moral and religious culture—and of course Sunday School instruction—clothed? Its vast importance, I cannot find language strong enough to express. I must leave it to imagination to conceive what I am unable to describe. If these children, now in the midst of us, and on whom I have been trying to fix attention, if these children, together with those we have left at our homes, are, as I have said, to pass through life on earth, happy, useful, respected, and loved, if intelligent and virtuous—but miserable, hurtful, despised, and shunned, if ignorant and vicious; nay, if they are, as I have also intimated, to exist in another world, where what they shall have done here will have a bearing on their condition, for their weal or their woe, through periods of indefinite duration—then, certainly, it is impossible for us to feel too strong an interest in the objects we have now met to further—in the concerns, particularly, of this Sunday School. It is impossible for us to have our thoughts and feelings too deeply engaged in the inquiry, what can we, parents, teachers, all of us, devise and do, each in his sphere, more than we have already devised and done, to protect the innocence, to assist the powers, to fix the principles, to guide the affections, to form the habits, and to mould the characters of these children and youth, who, but for the vigilance and faithful labors of their elders, may be subjected, at every stage of their growth, to influences, which will put to imminent hazard all in them that is now pure and good and gives promise in future of piety and virtue respectability, usefulness and happiness.

For the Register and Observer.

HISTORY OF UNITARIANISM IN N. H. NO. II.

Noah Worcester of Thornton.

We come now to a more conspicuous name. Those we have already noted are all respectable; this is truly eminent. The works and character of Dr. Worcester have long been before the public. It is not easy to say aught of them which has not been uttered before and is not generally known. He was a descendant of the sixth generation in the direct line from Rev. William Worcester, first minister of Salisbury, Mass., and who came from England about 1640. Rev. Francis Worcester of Sandwich, Mass., was the great grandson of William of Salisbury, and the Grandfather of Noah of Thornton. Noah Worcester Esq., of Hollis, was the son of Francis of Sandwich, and the father of Noah, whose history is now before us. He was born at Hollis in October, 1758. His parents were distinguished for their piety and sedulously attended to the religious education of their children. Noah was their first born. He early developed his uncommon capacity to learn, his predilection for books and for school. He could answer every question in the Assembly's catechism, when he was, perhaps, ten or twelve years old. He had seven brothers and three sisters who could do the same, though, perhaps, at a later age. No other family of children could compete with 'Squire W's., in the ready and accurate rehearsal of the catechism. Dr. W. on his death-bed spoke, with much feeling, gratitude and veneration, of the religious impressions which he received from his pious parents. While a youth he was an example of sobriety, dutifulness and propriety of conduct. He was the bosom mate of Joseph Emerson, son of Rev. Daniel Emerson, minister of Hollis. They were kindred spirits and habitually in communication with each other. Both had the same aptitudes and were equally amiable in their disposition, but Joseph was the more precocious. He commenced the study of Latin almost as soon as he did his spelling-book, and might have been fitted to enter college at twelve years old, but his father kept him back until he was fourteen. He was graduated at H. U. in 1776. As Joseph was constantly in communion with books, while Noah was obliged to work on the farm, the latter probably derived much advantage from his intercourse with the former. Noah enjoyed no literary advantages except from the district school. He availed himself to the utmost of what was there afforded. He also learned to sing and to play on the fife. The battle at Lexington, April, 1775, called him to Cambridge, in his seventeenth year, and he became a member of the continental army under Gen. Washington, and was in the action on Bunker-Hill, a fifer of Capt. Reuben Dow's Company, attached to the regiment of Col. Stark. He was also with Stark at Bennington, in the Autumn of 1777, where by the capture of more than a thousand men, the first check was given to the blustering and alarming progress of Gen. Burgoyne. He now left the army and returned home. In 1779 he was married, on the very day he became twenty-one years old. Already had he commenced a clearing on a lot of new land in the township of Thornton, on the upper sources of Merrimack river. Having learned to make shoes in his father's domicil, his employment was divided; a part of his time, the mild portion of the year, he wielded the axe, the hoe and the scythe: the other portion found him on the seat, handling the awl, the knife, and the strong waxen thread, bristled at both ends. This course continued for the space of seven years. All this time, however, he was reading and thinking. He kept pen, ink and paper in the box of his shoemaker's seat, and wrote down the thoughts which he feared he might forget. In 1786, the people in Thornton,—their minister, Rev. Mr. Estabrook, having just left them, and pursuant to advice from Mr. E.,—invited Mr. Worcester to conduct their religious meetings. This was the opening scene in the drama of Noah Worcester's public life. Had not Providence thus prepared the way, he would not probably have gone into the ministry, but have spent his whole life in the obscurity of a back country town.

Mr. W.'s services were so well accepted by the people of Thornton, that they invited him to become their regular minister, and he was inducted into the pastoral office in 1787. The town being new and the people few and poor, the minister's salary was fixed at forty pounds, [$133,33] a year; one half to be paid either in work done on Mr. W.'s farm, or in produce raised on their own. This was his establishment for the space of about twenty-five years. But during this time Mr. W., notwithstanding the obscurity of his situation, the scantiness of his means, and the care of a young and numerous family, was constantly making accessions to his intellectual wealth and reputation. He issued a number of publications from the press. The first of them—almost as early as the first year of his ministry—was 'A Letter' addressed to Rev. Mr. Murray of Newburyport, commenting on 'A Sermon' published by that gentleman, entitled, 'God not the Author of sin.' This pamphlet astonished all its readers. It was an admirable specimen of acute, close and profound logic. Its bite was like that of a steel trap. As Rev. Mr. M. was a Presbyterian Calvinist, and believed that 'God for his own glory, hath foreordained whatsoever comes to pass,' it was impossible for him to escape the toils of his antagonist commentator. But it amazed both him and others that such a thunderer should be entrenched on the bleak and barren White Hills of N. H.

By means of this publication Mr. W. became extensively known and respected. It was his introduction to the public world. It was the pledge that a great man was about to come. Nor was the pledge unredeemed. From time to time Mr. W. put forth other publications, some of them in the highest strain of the New School Divinity. Hopkinsianism was then the upper current in the stream of orthodoxy. It is not strange that Mr. W. should be carried with it. Yet even in those days he sometimes developed the better tendencies of his mind. In a controversy with the Rev. Thomas Baldwin, on the subject of 'close communion,' as practised by the Baptists, he maintained the enlightened and liberal sentiment, that *opinion* or belief is not a *moral act*, and therefore, the doctrine of pedo-baptism, provided it be an error, is no adequate cause for exclusion from Christian fellowship. Mr. B. rebutted this sentiment, and being sustained in his opposition to it, by most of Mr. W.'s brethren to whom he did a great displeasure by advancing it, the latter was in some measure embarrassed and obliged to put forth all his strength to sustain his position and satisfy his friends. For these, as they do now, considered a wrong opinion to be more the work of *the heart* than of *the head*.

Mr. W. was a correspondent of the 'Theological Magazine,' published in the city of New York—the first religious periodical in America—and supported chiefly by Hopkinsians in New England. In one of the articles of this work, written by Mr. W., the case of the heathen, in regard to the object of their worship, is taken into consideration. A pious pagan who worships the sun, the most benign and magnificent object in the whole sensible creation, mistaking it for the only and true God, not at all from perversity, and wholly from ignorance, may be accepted and saved. We remember one of the illustrations. 'Thomas,' says a carpenter, 'go and fetch me my broad axe. Thomas runs and fetches the narrow axe. And why? Because he knows nothing of any other kind of axe. He intends obedience; his failure is wholly from want of knowledge. Would the carpenter punish the boy? And will God punish mistakes as honestly and unintentionally made?

In this Magazine appeared the following query: 'Did Christ suffer the real penalty of the law?' The question was not discussed, but put merely for the purpose of directing attention to that particular point. We know not who prepared this inquiry, but it was more likely, as we judge, to have been Mr. W. than any other man. Thus occasionally broke forth the true spirit of the man. It was regarded, by his brethren, as an infirmity, and pardoned on the ground that he had never received a regular education.

All this occurred previously to 1800. It was some few years later that Mr. W. read Dr. Watts' treatise on the Trinity. The argument appeared conclusive. And Mr. W. differed from most of his orthodox brethren in this one theory; if he could not detect the error of an argument, he felt bound, as a lover of truth, to regard that argument with respect, and after due examination, either *to adopt*, or *to refute* it. It was to him an immense sacrifice to incur the reproach of being a heretic. This consideration, however, did not deter him from taking the ground of an independent man. He adopted Dr. Watt's theory, and openly made a declaration of it. He then composed an essay, developing the doctrine of the Trinity on the principle of 'The Indwelling Scheme.' It was about being put to the press, when the author had some change of views—not on the subject of the Trinity—but on that of the physical character of the Son. He then wrote a new essay which in 1810 he published under the title of 'Bible News.' It consisted of three parts. In the first, he maintains the doctrine that the one true God is but one person. The argument is conducted with great clearness and with amazing force. Nothing less than inveterate prejudice could stand against it. So overwhelming, that the strong holds of educational bias were shaken to their foundation. Some declared themselves converts; a greater number staggered and would have fallen prostrate had they not been stayed up by the hands of their firmer-nerved brethren. The argument was so irrefragable that it has never been assailed or touched. To this day it remains not only unanswered, but no direct answer has even been attempted. It has defied the boldness of every adversary.

In the second part, Mr. W. developes his theory of the Divine Son. It is the Apolinarian; essentially the same as that of all the Christians of the three first centuries, so far as they professed to have any distinct theory. Indeed it is the same as that of the Nicene Creed. It is 'Homoousion;' it is 'Consubstantialism.' The Council of Nice decreed that the Son was 'God of God, existing before all worlds.' And so maintained Mr. W. He declined the doctrine of the Son's equality with the Father, And so did the Council of Nice. He also, in the third part, contested the doctrine of the personality of the Holy Spirit. Nor did the Council of Nice assert this doctrine. There had, probably, never lived a Christian, previously to Athanasius, not excepting even the venerable Hosius of Condova, who was more orthodox than Mr. W. is in the 'Bible News.' But he disclaimed the doctrine of the Son's being God in the same supreme sense as the Father. This disclaimer placed him without the pale of modern orthodoxy. His brethren, while they declined to contend with him in the field of argument, could take an easier course, and call him an apostate, a heretic, and treat him as one who 'denied the Lord of glory.' The indirect attacks upon his books and the persecution set on foot against him, Mr. W. noticed in a number of smaller publications written with admirable shrewdness, pertinency and power.

In 1814, Mr. W. removed to the vicinity of Boston. And here, of course, he ceases to be a proper subject of N. H. history. Of the Rev. Noah Worcester, D. D., of Brighton, Mass., Editor of the Christian Disciple from 1814 to 1820; the Originator of the anti-war movement and Founder of the Peace Society; the Writer of the 'Solemn review of the practice of War,' and of more than thirty large pamphlets, entitled, 'The Friend of Peace;' author of 'The Atonement,' a display of love; and of 'Last Thoughts'—this is not the place to give an account. These particulars are generally known. It is Noah Worcester of N. H. to whom we confine our present attention. We have wished to do him justice. It is, however, more easy to have the will, than to perform the deed.

S. F.

A WORD FOR THE EAST AS WELL AS FOR THE WEST.

Messrs Editors,—I notice that the Missionary in Iowa Territory, in his interesting letter, under the date of March 28th, states, that 'the Episcopal clergyman walked in with a common peck basket on his arm, containing a decanter of wine, two glass tumblers, some bread and a linen cloth for Communion;' that 'he proceeded immediately to arrange and *dust* the seats and to distribute the prayer books.'

All this doubtless sounds strangely to the ears of those, who have not resided in new settlements. I can however testify that I have done very nearly the same things; and these too even in New England. I have carried the bread and the tumblers, which beforetime were of glass, but I substituted Brittania; I have dusted the seats and helped make the fire; I too have slept in log cabins and preached in them also. I have passed nine years, as a minister, in the portion of New England referred to; and during that time have received only two labors of love, as they are styled; and seen but two Unitarian clergymen from abroad, in the towns in which I resided, besides those, who were present at my installation. My nearest exchange was at one time 30, at another, 90 miles distant.

I have left that region; and now make the above statements in order that it may be seen that all the suffering and all the hardships are not confined to the West. Doubtless, the brethren in that quarter have their share; I sympathise with them, and have sympathised with them most heartily. Far be it from me, by any word of mine to divert public attention from their wants and their deprivations. It would not diminish, but increase rather the zeal of all in the common cause, if the eyes, which have been so earnestly directed toward the setting sun, were now and then turned towards his rising.

The character of the people of some of the towns in the State of Maine does not materially differ from that of the inhabitants of the young villages in the West. Many of them are emigrants. They have left their early homes and endeared institutions; and are laboring, in their new abodes, to do what they can to preserve the worship of the God of their fathers. They have made and are making sacrifices, which would astonish those who still live on their paternal acres. A lady, in one of these new towns, not long since said, with tears in her eyes; 'for a year I and my sister and brother have been as sparing as possible in our expenses in order that we might support Unitarian preaching, but it is useless for you to continue here longer, our Society is in debt, we cannot go on.' A young man, with a growing family, has within two years and a half, out of an income of $600, expended $75 for the support of a Unitarian clergyman. Other instances, still more striking, might be named; I pass them, to say that in mental activity, in enterprise, and, at the present time, in pecuniary embarrassment, the inhabitants of some of the most North Easterly sea-ports in Maine are not very dissimilar from the dwellers in the West. And yet, for one note of sympathy that has reached the ears of the Eastern Churches, a concord of sweet sounds has wended its way over the mountains, to Societies not more zealous for the faith, nor larger in number. But the former are near, the latter afar, it may be said. The cities of Washington and Boston are not reckoned very near neighbors. Yet the distance between Houlton in Maine and Boston, and that between Washington and Boston varies only by 78 miles. At any rate, when, after an absence of years, I returned, a few days since to my native city, I was greeted, by a former fellow student, as one from the dead, and by another with the remark, 'I thought you had relinquished the profession,' because I had been so long absent; laboring, I trust, not altogether uselessly in this terra incognita. As an effort is now making, at the heart of Unitarianism, to diffuse new warmth and animation among the weaker members, it is to be hoped that, by this means, fresh vitality will be imparted to both extremities of the body.

W. A. W.

CHURCH SLEEPINESS—INJUSTICE TO SEXTONS.

Messrs. Editors,—An article appeared in your paper last week, in relation to sleeping during services, which traces the cause to want of necessary airing and ventilation of the Churches. The remarks are quite philosophical, and discover considerable acquaintance with the anatomy of the human frame; but are untrue in connection with the subjects of which they treat, inasmuch as the facts, on which they purport to be based, are directly opposed to the statements put forth by the writer. As one of the fraternity of Sextons, who are somewhat implicated by the course of remark indulged in by 'A Gasper,' and who have the *general* charge of the houses of public worship, and whose duty it is, not only to 'open and ring,' but to sweep and ventilate the same, I would respectfully assert of my own individual knowledge, and from the established custom in the case, that your correspondent is altogether mistaken, when he states that the only ventilation through the week is by means of the *doors being set open* one or two hours before the meeting, 'and possibly, a window or two, if the Sexton thinks of it,' which, 'in the majority of cases, he does not.' No such instances as these are within my cognizance; but the invariable rule is, to open the Church on some week day, most generally Saturday, raise the whole or the greater part of the windows, and leave them open for the greater portion of the day. Besides this, if the weather permit, the windows are also opened on Sunday mornings soon after sunrise, and remain so till the services commence, and afterwards.

If these facts be so, 'A Gasper' must look elsewhere for his philosophical 'cause and cure.' It will not be denied, that a state of air, such as he describes, must be exceedingly detrimental to health, and oppressive to the vital functions. But whether the immediate effect is to produce sleep is somewhat problematical. Whether this be so or not, it is not necessary to discuss, as it has been shown, that the Churches are as well ventilated as they can be under the circumstances.

This somnolency most generally occurs in the afternoon, and it would indeed be interesting to those who sleep in Churches, if the opinion obtained in the community, that the fault lay in the atmosphere of the Churches, instead of the hearty dinners of which the members partake, their want of spiritual interest in the sermon, and in other causes relating to the active and sedentary employments of the past week. To the inquiry which is often instituted in this connection, the parties themselves are free to acknowledge, either that they have been laboring hard during the week, and when they get into a Church and are seated, the transition is so great, and the position is so favorable, that they cannot resist the inclination to sleep; or, that they have partaken of too hearty a dinner with a little too much wine; or, that the sermon has been intolerably dull; or, that they were not quite so spiritually inclined as they should have been. And these causes appear to me to be the true ones, for this peculiar somnolency occurs as frequently in the country, among the farmers and other hard laboring men, and where the congregations are comparatively thin, and the Churches, particularly the old ones, spacious and well ventilated.

To those of us who have lived in the country, it must have been apparent, that as a general rule, the man whose occupation for the week has been of an active, busy character, and who has also labored hard, is the first one to sleep in Church. The person, whose employment is of a sedentary nature, more often keeps awake than the other class, and is uniformly the last one to sleep. The cause is natural and self evident, for the transition from an active to an easy and recumbent position is a wonderful provocative of a somnorific state. If the sermon, peradventnre, chance to be of an unusually interesting and soul-stirring character, the hearer is, *nolens volens*, kept wide awake, and listens with all due attention, and it is hoped, edification.

It is only necessary further to state, by way of corroborating this view, that the Churches of this city are immeasurably better ventilated than the places of public amusement—and yet who ever heard of persons sleeping at these places? The reason is most obvious—something is occurring before them, which serves to interest and amuse, if not to instruct, and the attention is entirely absorbed.

The only remedy that occurs to me in the premises is, for the hearers to listen as though they felt the occasion one of peculiar interest and solemnity, and for the minister to preach 'with the demonstration of the spirit, and with power.'

A Sexton.

CORRESPONDENCE.

London, May 27th, 1842.

Rev. Chas. Briggs, Dear Sir,—I was happily able to reach London just before the Annual Meeting of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. I know you would have highly relished it, could you have been present; and I seize the first moment to give you a word or two about it. Between ten and eleven o'clock in the morning of the 18th of May (one first day in London,) I found my way to the door of the Essex Street Chapel. (It is quite an Americanism by the way to speak of a Unitarian *Church*.) Essex Street, I find, bears the same relation to London Unitarians, that Berry Street does to us in Boston. They look to it as a gathering place on all special occasions. It was the first born of all their Chapels. It is consecrated by the memories of its early preachers, Priestley and Lindsey. Here I had the honor and satisfaction of being shown into the Vestry Room, (whither my letter of introduction from Rev. Mr. Robberds of Manchester had preceded me,) and there of taking the hands of eight or ten Unitarian clergymen; some of them men of white hairs. The same hand that now so warmly pressed mine had often pressed that of Priestley (known here as 'the Unitarian Paul') and Lindsey ('the Unitarian John;') and that too, in times, which, compared with these, were the days of small things. For these men, all of them my seniors, I felt a sort of reverential affection. They inquired particularly after the personal welfare of 'their brethren in America.' I was presently shown the list of proceedings for the day. One of the resolutions was indicative of the sympathy of this Convention of English Unitarians with their American brethren. To this I was to hold myself ready to respond in proper time and place.

We were soon seated in the Chapel; a spacious old building and now tolerably well lined with auditors. The Rev. Charles Wicksteed preached. He is from the city of Leeds. A choice Christian man; in hearing whom one is reminded that wisdom does not always wait for the gray head. His text was that striking expression of Paul made after his conversion, to those who were loading him with charges of inconsistency: 'Men and Brethren, I have walked in all good conscience before God until this day;' for which he was commanded to be smitten on the mouth. The Rev. preacher convincingly urged that a man may be *ethically* right, throughout the utmost apparent inconsistencies of conduct. He showed that while absolute, *intellectual* truth is a treasure, a clear conscience, ethical truth, is a duty. In parting from *one*, we sustain a loss, in leaving the other, we disobey a command. He urged the grounds of a *genuine* charity as far higher than those of a contented tolerance; agreeing to *differ*, as much loftier attainment than agreeing to *agree*. England (said the preacher) now appears as an arena of religious controversy and conflict; but other kingdoms, now quiescent, may find themselves no nearer to real religious toleration, than she is;—*as cloudy, as* stormy, when England has passed through the cloud into the light and liberty of the children of God. The preacher urged also upon all English Unitarians the solemn duty of standing strong in their dissent; especially to such doctrines as Vicarious Atonement, Trinity, Original Sin, &c.; he begged them not to lose sight of the greatness of the principles for which they now stand as a spectacle unto men, loaded with opprobrium, and made a poor *scape-goat* for the wrath and sins of all other sects. After this 'eloquent, judicious, powerful and appropriate discourse,' (as it was justly characterized) the business of the Convention went on; reports were given in, resolutions offered and spoken to. The aged Mr. Pottie, (who had often heard Priestley and Lindsey in the Chapel where we were sitting) most happily did the duty of Moderator. The 'lady Hewley case' was spoken of with interest. This case is now pending in the Courts, and if decided against the Unitarians may take away many of their Chapels;—built as they have been on a share of the immense property left by this benevolent woman a century ago, to aid '*all godly and pious ministers.*' The question at Court is, whether Unitarians are properly found in this company. It seems not to have been doubted in Lady Hewley's time, and is only now made a

question of. The party bringing the charge and looking for the spoil, is called here 'Orthodox' or 'Evangelical.' A question as to the tenure of so many Chapels as are involved in 'the Lady Hewley case' was of course debated with some earnestness. It was something new to me that the English Unitarians numbered any thing like *three hundred Chapels* (Churches.) This, however, is about their number. There are some eight or nine in London; fifty (I think) in different parts of Ireland, and so on. (See printed reports.) The several important points that came up before we left the Essex Street Chapel carried forward the hour of our meeting at the social board to four P. M. At this hour it was my privilege to sit down with some 200 or 300 of the friends of Unitarianism (not a few of them ladies) to what was called, a '*breakfast*,' which, consisting chiefly of a 'feast of reason,' lasted from 4 1-2 to 8 1-2 P. M. Wine was liberally provided and temperately used (it is used everywhere in England.) The first pledge drank, all standing, and with three times three, was '*The Queen*.' I was not alone in filling my glass with the pure juice of the clouds; a fit emblem for such a Queen. The second pledge was '*Prince Albert and the Royal Family*.' The third, '*The Cause*,' &c., and so on. Each was accompanied by remarks from some speaker. The sentiment expressing sympathy with '*Brethren in America*,' compelled me to rise and tell them as well as I could, how we were. Richard Martineau Esq. was in the chair. He is brother to Rev. Jas. Martineau known among us through the '*Liverpool Controversy*.' He is not a preacher but finds (I am told) his truest expression in philanthropic *action*. Some of the speakers were Rev. Sam'l Wood of London,—'The Education of the People;' Rev. W. Hincks of Dublin; 'Our Brethren in Ireland;' and Rev. Dr. Hutton (the Henry Ware of London),—'Our departed worthies.'

I would, if I had room, give you a report of the delightful meetings of the Sunday School Association (Unitarian) and the Domestic Mission meeting where a bust of Dr. Tuckerman was a prominent source of inspiration to the speakers. These I must defer till we meet, as I trust we may, by the middle or close of October next.

Yours ever, C. H. N. D.

Cabotville, June 17, 1832.

Dear Sir,—As you are interested in the prosperity of our Society in this place, it gives me pleasure to communicate to you the accompanying correspondence, touching a matter in which our friends here are intimately concerned. The present alluded to has called forth the admiration of all who have seen it, and justly too, for it is exceedingly chaste and beautiful. I have time to add that the prospects of the Society are encouraging; a spirit of harmony prevails amongst its members, and every circumstance, within and without, is of a character to fill them with hope, and happiness. The workmen have commenced upon the meeting-house, which we hope will be completed in the fall, and then we anticipate some permanent accessions to our congregation from those who object to the present place of worship. The house will be small, compared with some, but as large as the means justified the people in erecting, and I think it will be adequate to the present wants of the Society.

Yours very truly, J. A. B.

'The Ladies of Mr. Peabody's Society in Springfield, beg the Liberal Church at Cabotville, to accept this Communion Service from them as a token of their personal regard, an expression of their respect for the efforts that Society are making to secure the enjoyment of Christian privileges and blessings, and as a proof of the affectionate sympathy by which they are bound to them as partners in the faith and fellowship of our common Master.

June 13*th*, 1842.'

'The members of the Unitarian Church in Cabotville, impressed with gratitude by the beautiful token of Christian sympathy and friendship which has been presented to them by their sisters in the faith at Springfield, return their concurrent acknowledgments of the gift, so chaste and elegant in itself, and so affecting as an expression of the lively interest which is felt for their success while endeavoring to procure for themselves and children the privileges of Christian institutions, and the comforts of Christian truth in its purity and power. They are gladdened and encouraged by the thought that others are watching their progress with benevolent concern. They cordially reciprocate the kind sentiments which are entertained towards them by their friends in Springfield, and fervently hope that the bonds which unite them in a common faith may be strengthened; that the Gospel, which both hold dear, may increase in its influence over their characters and lives, making them happy in their Master's service on the earth, and ensuring to them a Father's love and acceptance in Heaven.

Cabotville, June 16*th*, 1842.'

The Mediatorial Life of Jesus. A letter to Rev. W. E. Channing, D. D. By O. A. Brownson. Boston, 1842.

The author of this pamphlet undertakes to answer these three questions—'1. Whence comes the Mediator? 2. What is his work? 3. What is the method by which he performs it?' We are much pleased with the substance of his reply to the first inquiry. His concluding remark under this head follows:

According to this view, we must regard Jesus, not as *coming* but as *sent*, not as raising himself up to be the Mediator, but as having been raised up by the Father in heaven. He is from God, who commends his love to us by him. It is God's grace, not human effort or human genius, that provides the Mediator. It is impossible then to press Jesus into the category of ordinary men. He stands out alone, distinct, peculiar. This much, I must be permitted to assume in regard to Jesus, if I am to concern myself with Christianity at all. In answer then to the question, Whence comes the Mediator? I reply, from God, 'who so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son to die, that whosoever should believe on him might not perish but have everlasting life.'

In answering the other two questions the author makes many statements to which we cannot assent. As usual, however, he writes with ability, and, in the course of his remarks, says much that is true and important. Though we are unable to accept the 'view' (if we have succeeded in understanding it) which he has presented of our Savior's 'work' and 'method,' yet we rejoice in any good effect it may have produced on himself; and that this is not small, in his own opinion, appears from the following passage with which the pamphlet closes:

I have spoken earnestly, for the view which I have presented of the mediatorial Life of Jesus has deeply affected me. I have been verging towards it for years; some of my friends tell me they had obtained it some time ago from my public communications; but I myself have not seen it clearly until within a few weeks. Had I seen it earlier, the obscurities and seeming inconsistencies with which I have been charged, I think would never have occurred. I have found it a view which clears up for me my own past, and enables me to preserve the continuity between the past of humanity, its present, and its future. More than all this; it has touched my heart, and made me feel an interest in the Gospel, in my fellow men, and in the upbuilding of God's kingdom on the earth, deep as my interest has long been in these subjects, which I have never known before. What before was mere thought has now become love; what was abstraction has become life; what was merely speculation has become downright, living earnestness. God is to me my Father; Jesus my life; mankind my brethren. I see mankind practically divided, worrying and devouring each other, and my heart bleeds at the wrong they do each other; and I have no thought, no wish but to bring them back to unity and fraternity in Christ Jesus; so that we may all be one. My early profession I therefore resume, with a love for it I never felt before. I resume it because my heart is full, and would burst could it not overflow. I must preach the Gospel. Necessity is laid upon me, and woe is me if I do not.

For the Register and Observer.

REMARKS AT THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE A. U. A.

Rev Mr Thomas, of Concord, N.H., said that he rose partly to break the momentary pause which followed the unexpected announcement from the Chair of the unavoidable absence of the Gentleman to whom all were expecting to listen, and partly because he was moved to do so by the interest manifested in the crowded attendance, and by the good tidings given in the Report of the Secretary.

From these manifestations of increasing piety and activity in the Christian cause, Mr T. adverted to a single topic in the Report as having with him a peculiar interest.

In 1826 he had visited several of the principal cities west of the Alleghany Mountains—as far west as Missouri. He was the first who had gone beyond Pittsburg in connexion with this Association. Then there was not a single Unitarian Society beyond the limits of Pennsylvania, and all that he was able to do, was to seek out here and there an individual with whom to deposit a few tracts, and to engage those individuals as Correspondents of the Association with a view to a further supply of tracts, provided those on hand should be disposed of. He remarked that this was all that had then been done in connexion with the Association in regard to Cincinnatti, Louisville and St Louis. That within two or three years he had revisited some portions of that country though not under the auspices of the Association and had found Ministers, Churches and full Congregations established for years where before he could find but here and there an individual that recognized the faith of Unitarian Christianity.

Under these circumstances that portion of the Report which spoke of so many societies, Churches, Missionaries and calls for Missionaries all over the broad West, was to him a demonstation of the progress of Gospel truth most impressive and gratifying.

Mr. T. closed with saying that he doubted not that the new life and devotedness which seemed to pervade our Denomination here at the East, would prove the best guarantee for the means of extended missionary operations in the West, where they were so gratefully received, and as it appeared to him, so wonderfully efficient.

SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

The Associate Agents of the Sunday School Society, having re-organised for the season, give notice, that they hold themselves in readiness to perform any duty which may be required of them in aiding or encouraging Sunday Schools or in advancing the general cause of the religious education of the young.

The associate agents are Rev. Messrs Gray, Waterston and Messrs J. F. Flagg, G. F. Thayer, R. W. Bayley, W. P. Jarvis and L. G. Pray,. Communications on the subject requesting visits &c. to be addressed to Lewis G. Pray, 39 Allen Street, Boston.

UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

The Treasurer of the American Unitarian Association may be found at No. 74 Kilby Street.

NEW UNITARIAN PAPER IN ENGLAND.

It appears from the following Advertisement that our brethren in England have resolved to have a weekly Newspaper devoted to their interests. We wish them all success.

The Inquirer
UNITARIAN WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
Price 6d.
'TRUTH, FREEDOM, CHARITY.'

'It has been long felt by many of the most zealous friends of Unitarian Christianity, that great benefit would arise from a Newspaper devoted to its servsce, in which our views may be defended, illustrated and applied; and all such information as has a peculiar interest to us, and in connexion with our principles, may be brought together.

It has now been resolved to endeavor to obtain for the Unitarian Public this advantage, and their support is earnestly solicited. The object proposed is, to combine what is peculiarly interesting and valuable to us as a Religious Body, with a superior General Newspaper. No Department which appears to be useful or generally aggreeable will be neglected, and no exertion will be spared to produce a well-conducted Weekly Newspaper, of decidedly Liberal Politics, without party prejudice or violence, and giving special attention to whatever concerns Religion and Philanthropy.

The form adopted will be that of the *Examiner, Spectator*, &c. There will be articles both on Religious and Political questions in every number. Due attention will be given to Literature, Science and the Fine Arts. The abstract of the News of the weak will be carefully drawn up from the best source of information; and intelligence peculiarly interesting to Unitarians will be carefully collected.

Arrangements are already in progress for early publication; and we rely on the co-operation and support of the Unitarian body throughout the United Kingdom.

All communications or orders for the same may be addressed to Mr. Green, 121, Newgate Street.'—*Christian Reformer for June.*

SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

The Treasurer of this Association acknowledges the receipt of *Twenty Dollars* contributed by the Teachers and pupils of the Sunday School in the First Parish, Cambridge, to constitute their Pastor, Rev. William Newell, and Mr. John F. W. Ware their Superintendent, Life Members of the Society.

THE MIDDLESEX NORTH ASSOCIATION.

The Middlesex North Association will meet at the house of Rev. Mr. Kinsley in Stow on Wednesday July 6th at 10 o'clock P. M. Public services in the Church at half past 1 P. M.

By order of the Scribe.

OBITUARY.

For the Register and Observer.

MRS. JOANNA FLETCHER.

Died in Westford on the 19th inst, Mrs. Joanna Fletcher, widow of Mr. Seth Fletcher, to whom she was married in 1772, and who deceased in 1812; she was born in Westford 1747, and wanted only twelve days of being 95 years old; she resided in Westford during her whole life, excepting about two years, and was an exemplary member of the First Congregational Church in that place more than 68 years; she was the mother of nine children, 3 of whom and 19 grand-children and 9 great-grand-children survive her.

Mrs. Fletcher, besides her venerable age, was distinguished by a well informed and well balanced mind, by great equanimity of temper, and by retaining to an uncommon degree her bodily and mental faculties. Till her last, which was almost her only sickness, her hearing was very little, if any, impaired; and by the aid of glasses she read much with ease and comfort. Her piety, free from fanaticism, was ardent, uniform, and consistent; she had strong faith in God, in her Savior, and in the truth and divine authority of the Scriptures. Her last sickness, which commenced with a fever, and was of several months continuance, she endured with great firmness, patience, and resignation, and often expressed her thanks to God, for his many favors, and her gratitude to her children and grand-children for their kind and constant attentions. So strong was her faith in God, and her hope of future happiness, that she said, she wished to wait patiently God's time; but she desired to depart and be with Christ. The writer of this notice would suggest for the consideration of all, who read it, that her mild temper, trust in God, and peace of mind, may have had an influence in prolonging her life, as well as in rendering it more happy.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Munroe Edwards, the Forger.—This accomplished villain has been convicted of forgery, by the New York Court.

The New York Commercial speaking of the result of the trial, says:

'In short, we look upon the verdict as a most righteous one; and farther, as a great assurance to the community of the reliance that may be placed upon the administration of justice—an assurance the more grateful, in view of the apprehensions that have been entertained, and the intimations that have been thrown out, that circumstances existed which in this instance would or might impede the march of justice.'

The Philadelphia Saturday Chronicle speaks thus of Edwards.

This dashing gentleman, contrived, by certain letters, to obtain from Messrs. *Corrie & Co.*, of New York, and Messrs. Brown & Brothers, about 52,000; and there can be little doubt that with a portion of this very money, he was defending himself against the just claims and prosecution of those gentlemen. And yet, notwithstanding the all but certainty, even before conviction, that Edwards had been guilty of a wholesale and heartless robbery, there were not wanting persons who from a morbid sensibility, took quite an interest in the fate of the forger, and seemed to desire his release. Why? We apprehend it would be difficult for any who had cherished a favorable feeling to the accused, to answer this question in a manner that would be satisfactory to their own consciences and moral sense of rectitude. It is obvious, therefore, that an indulgence in such feelings of misdirected sympathy is injurious to the community, and calculated to foster and encourage crime.

Congress.—The National Intelligencer of Thursday the 15th inst, speaks thus of the doings of Congress.

Yesterday was a day of unusual interest at the Capitol. The temporary or provisional Tariff Bill for continuing the existing tariff until the first day of August, with a proviso against its interference with the operation of the act for the distribution among the States of the proceeds of the sales of public lands, passed the House of Representatives by a majority of thirteen votes, in one of the fullest Houses of the session, two hundred and nineteen members having voted on the question. This decision is considered important, as indicating, beyond reasonable doubt, the disposition of the House of Representatives to pass at this session a bill for establishing such a permanent tariff as the necessities and wishes of the country unite in demanding.

This subject being disposed of, the Apportionment Bill having been returned from the Senate with a message from that body insisting on its amendments to that bill, (enlarging the ratio and requiring fractions to be represented,) the question was taken on a motion that the House *recede* from its disagreement to the change made by the Senate in the ratio, and decided in the negative by a majority of six votes. The House also refused to recede from its disagreement to the amendment concerning the representation of fractions. It was then moved to *adhere* to the disagreement to the Senate's amendments, which, if carried, would be a final action on the subject on the part of the House; and on this question the yeas were 80, and the nays 127. So the House refused to *adhere*; preferring the usual course of insisting and meeting the Senate in conference on the disagreeing votes.

The subject was not fully disposed of, however, before the House, being impatient, adjourned.

The correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot referring to this disagreement of the two houses, says,—

A Committee of Conference will be named today, and we shall soon know which of the two Houses are the most stubborn. As Mr. Adams is the controlling spirit of the House in this matter, there are but few signs of yielding as yet in that branch of Congress.

The same writer continues,—

The Navy bill continued before the Senate yesterday through a long session, and upon the proviso relating to the number which should form the standard of the service. No vote was taken during the session. The question pending, is a most important one, and upon the issue of it will depend the power to make additional promotions and appointments.

The speech of Mr Preston in reference to the Navy is thus referred to in the Patriot.

He deprecated in warm and glowing language, that capricious legislation, which was driven to and fro by every breath of rumored hostility or friendliness in a foreign power, and fluctuated with every changing aspect of pending negotiations.—He desired to see a consistant and stable system adopted; and maintained that it was the established policy of our Government, not only to foster and cherish our Navy, but to provide for a gradual increase, commensurate with the growth and importance of our commerce: so that full and adequate protection should be afforded it upon every sea to which its enterprise might carry it.

To effect this, he would give his assent to any required measure—he would raise the revenue by any constitutional means.

Swimming School.—Brainan's Swimming School, near the junction of the Western Avenue and Charles street, is opened for the season. To those who wish to enjoy the luxury of salt water bathing, and the healthy exercise of frequent practice in swimming, the accommodations provided by Mr. Braman at his establishment, and its central position, afford the most desirable facilities. It is fitted for the accommodation of those who are expert swimmers, as well as for those who have not learned. We believe there is no more healthy exercise for the warm weather, than this species of bathing, indulged in with proper discretion.—*Daily Adv.*

Private Hospital for Invalids. An Institution of this description was sometime since established by Dr. Durkee, at No. 26 Howard street. We are pleased to learn that it is gaining in patronage in proportion as it becomes known. We have satisfactory assurance that it is on a most respectable footing, and enjoys the confidence, and when necessary, receives the benefit of the professional assistance of our leading city physicians.

The Evening Mercantile Journal has the following reference to the Institution:

'Patients are well accommodated, treated with kindness and attention, and receive advice and medical treatment for their complaints. Dr. Durkee is a highly respectable member of the medical profession, and full confidence may be reposed in his management and skill. He has lately added to his establishment some Medicated Baths, such as the Iodine Bath, the Sulphur Bath, &c., which have been found eminently serviceable in certain chronic diseases. The baths are well arranged, and we feel assured that Dr. Durkee will spare no pains to make them, so far as may depend upon him, agreeable and refreshing, as well as salutary.'

The Apportionment Bill. The Apportionment Bill, providing the basis for the election of Representatives in Congress, has at last been settled.—The ratio is one Representative to every 70,680 inhabitants—giving a House of 223 members, apportioned as follows:

Maine,	7	Georgia,	8
New Hampshire,	4	Alabama,	7
Massachusetts,	10	Louisiana,	4
Rhode Island,	2	Mississippi,	4
Connnecticut,	4	Tennessee,	11
Vermont,	4	Kentucky,	10
New York,	34	Ohio,	21
New Jersey,	5	Indiana,	10
Pennsylvania,	24	Illinois,	7
Delaware,	1	Missouri,	5
Maryland,	6	Arkansas,	1
Virginia,	15	Michigan,	3
North Carolina,	9		
South Carolina,	7		223

From Europe.—The Britannia Steamship arrived at this port on Saturday morning, the 18th inst. in less than 15 days from Liverpool. English papers of June 4th are received.

The Caledonia, Capt Lott, arrived at Liverpool at 10 15 A. M. on the 29th ult, in 12 days and 12 hours from Boston.

There is no later news from China.

The Liverpool Cotton Market was brisk, and prices fully maintained.

The most prominent items of news are two attempts upon the life of the Queen of England, and the fall of Ghuznee, one of the strongest British fortresses in India.

The Income Tax Bill and the Tariff, have nearly passed the House of Commons, and will speedily be taken through the House of Lords, and receive the Royal assent. The alterations that have been made in the customs' duties, as originally proposed, during their progress through the lower house are very trivial.

One of the most extensive woollen manufacturers in Yorkshire, has failed for an immense amount, and several smaller manufactures are said to be deeply involved with him.

The subscriptions in London, Paris, and indeed all over Europe, in behalf of the sufferers by the great fire at Hamburgh, have been on a most liberal and unprecedented scale, notwithstanding the commercial depression which prevails so extensively everywhere.

The Indian mail, at Marseilles, brings an account of the fall of Ghuznee. The place capitulated and surrendered, on condition that the garrison be safely conducted to Cabul. On the other hand, Col Pollock had forced the Khiber pass, and taken possession of the forts commanding it, and would, no doubt, march to the relief of Jellalabad. Gen Sale, in a sortie from that place, overthrew the insurgents.

France. A prolonged and animated debate took place on the 20th and 21st ult in the Chamber of Deputies, on the right of search.- MM. Lefebvre, Lamartine, Mauguin, Berryer, Tocqueville, Dupin, and Salvandy, were all in direct opposition to the ratification of the treaty of 1841.

M. Guizot defended his conduct, and maintained that the protocol signed in London by the French Ambassador on the 13th Dec. 1838, constituted a moral engagement for France.

Spain. Advices from Madrid state that the finances of Spain are still in a very bad condition.

Rhode Island.—The U. S. Circuit Court, Judge Story, presiding, commenced its June term in Newport, on Wednesday, Judge Story addressing the Grand Jury in a charge at some length, in which he congratulated the people of Rhode Island, for having passed in safety a momentous crisis in the affairs of the State. He laid down the law in the plainest possible manner in reference to all the various crimes and offences against the United States, defining particularly what constituted *treason* against a State, and what was treason against the United States.

He passed a touching and high-wrought eulogium upon the character of the State and its institutions, and having been familiar for more than 30 years with the laws of 'peaceful Rhode Island,' he expressed his deep regret that any events should have occurred to tarnish the fair fame she had, so universally acquired for her attachment to order and law in all times past.

Gold in Georgia.—We see in Southern papers notices of the exceeding richness of the gold mine recently discovered on the land of Hon. John C. Calhoun, in Lumpkin County, Ga. Three weeks work, it is stated, by sixteen men, produced 7,816 pennyweights of pure gold—worth something more than $6,000. It has been visited by a number of scientific gentlemen, who on one occasion descended about fifty feet into the hill, and dug out a quantity of the vein ore. After pulverizing it, about five quarts yielded two hundred and sixty pennyweights of pure gold, worth about $200. On another occasion, the same quantity yielded three hundred and forty pennyweights; and the labors of the company for a single day yielded 1,463 pwts.—worth more than a thousand dollars The discovery creates great enthusiasm among the people of the State, and we share the fears of some discreet Southern papers that it will prove a fruitful source of ills unnumbered. We have the authority of all experience for saying that no country which depends, in any considerable degree, upon gold and silver mines found within its borders for high prosperity, will ever attain it.—Mexico, one of the richest countries in the world in mines of the precious metals, is at this day among the poorest in all that makes a nation truly wealthy. Virginia has had some experience in this matter.—The natural tendency of depending upon the products of these mines for wealth is evil and destructive. It engenders habits of indolence, begets false, unfounded hopes, implants in the mind an aversion to that more toilsome and tardy mode of acquiring riches which must be the great dependence of the mass, diverts labor, capital and skill from their appropriate and useful channels, and then often bursts, like other bubbles, and involves the thousands who have trusted it in hopeless ruin. Still more to be dreaded is it if successful. The habits of luxury it induces, the contempt into which it sinks all manly virtues and all common industry, and the mad desire it begets in the minds of all of becoming instantly rich, are fatal to all high attainment in worthy objects of national or personal ambition. Long may our sister State of Georgia be delivered from this clinging curse.—*N. York Tribune.*

MARRIAGES.

On Wednesday evening, by the Rev. Mr Young, Dr. C. C. Holmes of Milton, to Miss Elizabeth Mary Rich, daughter of Benj. Rich Esq.

In this city, by Rev. James Freeman Clarke, Mr Alfred H. Summer to Miss Anna F. daughter of Hon. Otis Everett.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Charles B. Hunting to Miss Ann Eliza, daughter of the late Capt, Joseph Callender, both of this city.

At the New South Church, by Rev. Mr. Young, Mr. Joseph B. Norris Jr, to Miss Caroline E., daughter of Nathan Viles Esq. all of this city.

In Salem, Mr. George W. Pease, Junior Editor of the Salem Observer, to Miss Sarah B. Henderson.

In Roxbury, June 16th by Rev Mr Putnam, Mr. John A. Dodd, of Boston, to Miss Mary P. daughter of Mr. James Adams, of R.

In Quincy last evening, by Rev. Mr. Lunt, Mr. Charles Curtis to Miss Mary E., eldest daughter of Ibrahim Bartlett Esq. all of Q.

In Hingham, June 15, by Rev. Mr. Stearns, Mr. Hosea H. Lincoln to Miss Mary E. daughter of Samuel Gould Esq.

In Dedham, by Rev. Dr. Lamson, Mr. Archibald H. Bailey to Miss Catherine L. Fairbanks.

In Portsmouth N. H. by Rev. Mr Peabody, Dr. Rufus Kittredge to Miss Susan P. Haven.

In Wayland, on Thursday evening, 16th inst, by Rev. Mr. Allen, Mr. Jackson Bigelow, of South Natick, to Miss Susan F. Francis, of Wayland.

In Washington City, Henry Lee Heiskee, of the United States Army, to Elizabeth Kortright, only daughter of Samuel L. Gouverneur, and only grand daughter of the late ex President Monroe.

In New-Orleans, Theodore Barney, Esq. to Miss Sarah Fisher Parkins, of Boston.

DEATHS.

In this city, June 19, Charles Follen, son of Rev. F. W. Holland, aged two years seven and a half months.

'O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth.
And took the flowers away.'

In this city, Eliza Cabot Winthrop, wife of Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, daughter of the late Francis Blanchard, and adopted daughter of Samuel P. Gardner, Esq. 33.

Matthew M. Hunt, Esq, aged 70.

Mr. Jefferson C. Farrar, 38.

Mary K. wife of Laban T. Beal, and daughter of the late Ephraim Marsh Jr. 24.

Lucy, relict of the late Hosea Stedder, 84.

Ellen White, eldest child of H. and E. A. Calef, 5 yrs.

Consumption, Mr. Francis Deluce, 41.

In Roxbury, Mrs. Charlotte Louisa, wife of Watson Gore Jr. 18 years 7 mos.

In Chelsea, Caroline Swift, youngest daughter of Isaac and Hannah Rhoades 16 years and 3 mos.

In Dorchester, Mr. William M. Cooper, 52, son of Mrs Martha Cooper.

In Roxbury, yesterday morning, Rufus Wyman, M. D., aged 61;—long and extensively known and respected as the Superintendent of the McLean Aylum for the Insane, at Charlestown.

In Milton, Dr. Amos Holbrook, in the 89th year of his age.

In Dedham, Mrs Susan Pierce, 41.

In Lexington, Miss Harriet A. Pierce, 22, eldest daughter of Abner Pierce, of West Cambridge.

In Charlestown, Miss Mary G. Barker, aged 23; Mrs Lydia B. Moore, 28.

In Cambridgeport, Eben Mauson, Jr. 7 mos.

In Gloucester, Mr. William Gilbert, 86.

In Scituate, Mrs Sally Dunbar, 63.

In Charlton, Mr. Nahum Lamb, 83, a revolutionary soldier.

In Weston, Ct., Mr. Ebenezer Seeley, 82.

In Guilford, Vt., Mr. James Salisbury, one of the first settlers in that town, 94.

In Brighton, Iowa Territory, 21st ult. Mr. Ephraim C. Thompson, 24, formerly of Massachusetts.

In St. Louis, Mo. 1st inst. Calvin Webster, son of Nathan Webster, Esq. of Haverhill, Mass, aged 20.

On board ship Alpha, Feb 20, Thomas A. Jenkins, of Boston, 36.

In Middletown, Ct. 27th ult, Hezekiah Huntington Esq, 83, for many years U. S. Attorney for Connecticut.

14th inst, Mr. Benjamin Coates, late of Cincinnati, Ohio, 35 son of the late John Coates Esq.

HOWITT'S BIRDS AND FLOWERS—Birds and Flowers, and other country things, by Mary Howitt, a few copies, being balance of the edition—for sale by J. MUNROE & CO, 134 Washington st. j25

TALES

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POETICAL REMAINS OF MISS HOOPER—Poetical Remains of the late Lucy Hooper, collected and arranged, with a Memoir, by John Keese, 12mo.

'I see thee still;
Thou art not in the grave confined—
Death cannot claim the immortal mind;
Let earth close o'er its sacred trust,
But goodness dies not in the dust.'—*Sprague.*

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The July number commences the fourth year of the establishment of this standard periodical, and affords an excellent opportunity of subscribing, to those especially who do not feel able to possess themselves of the entire work, which we shall be able at all times hereafter to furnish SAXTON & PEIRCE, 133 Washington st., Publisher's Agents, to whom all orders must be addressed. j18

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LIBRARY OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY—All persons having Books from the Library of the University, are required, by law, to return them before or on Wednesday, the 22d instant.

The Public Library will be re-opened for the use of books on Monday morning, July the 18th; and, during the vacation, which continues from that time till commencement, it will be accessible to visitors every Monday forenoon.

T. W. HARRIS, Librarian.

Cambridge, June 18, 1842.

THE CHRISTIAN LAYMAN—For sale at this office.

'We commend this book to the serious examination of our brethren, as containing much sound criticism, and true interpretation of Scripture, much valuable ecclesiastical learning in a small compass, much important argument respecting the doctrines of the Trinity and the Deity of Christ, the whole conducted and written in a remarkably impartial, candid and Christian spirit.'—*Monthly Miscellany.* j18

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BUCKMINSTER'S WORKS

POETRY.

For the Register and Observer.

THEY TOLD ME WE WERE FREE.

They told me we were free! And through my heart
There went a thrill of rapture, and my step
Grew light and buoyant, and I seemed to breathe
A fragrance and a freshness, purer far
Than comes from orange-groves, or scented gales
Of glowing Araby.
They pointed me
To the bright flag, that proudly waving high
Seemed as if bathing in the deep blue heaven,
And then to Bunker's height, and the broad pile
That rears its front majestically there,
And bade me look on them, and feel how sweet,
How more than priceless was the sacred boon.
They told me we were free. And then I deemed
That 'Love' would be the watchword, and that we,
The blest of Heaven, should hand in hand walk on
Through our life's pilgrimage, each spirit bound
To every other, by the gentle ties
Of grateful memory and holy hope.
I deemed that they, who, on the battle ground
Where freedom had been sought, could rear a shrine
So costly and so fair, whither the steps
Of the true patriot might sometimes turn
To pour the tribute of his pearly tears,—
I deemed that these, who prize so high the gift,
Even though bought with blood, and orphan's sighs,
And widow's groans, would surely give
The hand of kindly welcome, to the poor
And friendless one, and on the vision dim,
Of the benighted and the stricken soul,
Pour the refreshing dews of Silva's spring.
They told me we were free! 'Twas twilight hour
Amid the trellised gardens of the South,
And the soft vine-leaves by the breezes stirred,
Whispered in fairy echoes, 'we are free.'
I lingered there to catch the balmy flow
Of the fresh zephyrs, and to hear the low
Sweet melody that from a gushing stream
Stole up in gladness, and my heart was still;
Lulled into calmness by the scene so fair.
Slowly the evening star sent its mild ray
Upon the dimpled waters, and o'er cot
And gorgeous palace shone like the bright eye
Of some o'er watching angel.
On that star,
A mother, by the door of her rude hut,
Gazed with a frantic wildness. There was that
Within her glassy eye, which told of deep
And secret agony, which rends the soul
Tendril by tendril, till the last frail chord
Snaps with a fearful echo, leaving yet
The wreck of all that makes our life so dear.
Upon her dark-browed babe, she cast a glance
Of such strange love, and mingled grief and fear,
That one who looked on her, would deem that hope
Was long since quenched in darkness, and that joy
Ne'er crossed her track, save in the golden hours
Of childhood's memory.
Then rose the cry
Of her o'er-burdened spirit, and her thoughts,
As wildly on they rushed from their dark cells,
Pierced, as with sudden stroke, the stilly air.
Sleep on, my child, sleep on!
I would 'twere death that rested on thy brow!
I would that through the darksome valley now,
Thy soul to rest had gone.
I would that never more
Thy smile should send its sunshine to my heart;
That pure and free as now, thou could'st depart
Unto the spirit shore.
For oh! the change were sweet:—
The festering chain, for the lone, silent grave—
The lash of pain, for slumber, where the slave
No tyrant's glance can meet.
Yet no, he will not hear!
I've prayed for death for thee, my stricken one.
There comes no answer back from morning's sun,
Or evening's dewy tear.
There comes no spirit-guide
To lead my child unto its Father-land;
No pilot-bark to moor him by the strand
Beyond the heaving tide.
Sleep on, my child! Yon star
Its tireless vigil o'er thy rest shall keep:
Perchance a cull will break thy rosy sleep,
Bidding thee haste afar.
There, shall no broken heart
Plead all in vain, for mercy on its woe:
There, shall no lash the weary slumberer start,
No tears of anguish flow.

There came a wail, from the deep cells of her torn bosom,—
All was still again.
They told me we were free!
I turned to see if it 'twas the same fair land
That I had called my country. Yes, the breeze
Waved the bright banner on its standard high,
And proud and cold, that monumental pile
Towered beetling to the skies.
Yes, 'tis my country! I must own it still,
Though guilty, dark, and treacherous it be.
Shame, that the fires on freedom's temple-shrine
Are quenched so soon in darkness!
Is there none
To touch them with a living coal from heaven
And bid them blaze forever?
Is there none
That in the might of manhood will rise up,
In beauty and in strength, and rend the chain
That sends the echo of its fearful clang
Deep to the souls of millions!
Oh is it not enough,
That blood, and groans, and streams of bitter tears,
Were the dear purchase of the falsehood base
That we call 'Liberty?' but must we add
E'en to this weight of guilt, and bind the souls
Of our own dark-browed countrymen,
In worse than heathen bondage?
Spirit of Jesus, come!
Thy voice alone can break the lethargy
That broods so darkly o'er our blighted land.
Come with thy quick'ning truth, ere yet the curse
Of him who gave command, and bade us walk
In love, and peace, and righteousness, shall fall
In thunder-tones on our unaltered heads.
Come with thy holy light: illume the dark
And silent sanctuaries of our souls:
Pour on our hearts that stream of heavenly love
At which thy thirst was quenched: then wreathe
The chaplet of perennial peace and bind
Its gathered foliage with unfading faith:
Then, then shall we be free.
Then shall no bleeding hearts
Lave the sweet soil whereon our footsteps tread;
Then shall no captive's sigh float on the breeze
That fan us, and no blasted hopes
Rise up to blight our every pathway.
Then, though the granite crumble, and no trace
Be left to mark the spot whereon it stood,
Then though the banner from its height be hurled,
The watch shall cry, 'all's well, all's well.'

Waltham. L. B. T.

Never was a pleasanter moral couched in sweeter language, than the following gem from a sensitive heart:

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.

A word—a look—has crush'd to earth,
Full many a budding flower,
Which had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing,
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break.

MISCELLANEOUS.

USEFULNESS OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Messrs Editors,—At our teachers meetings we have subjects for discussion and conversation relating to the duty of S. S. teachers, the importance of S. Schools, and the best means of rendering them interesting and successful. Some of the teachers commit their thoughts to paper, and what they write is often read before the whole school, bible classes, and parents, who are present. Inclosed is a communication of this character.—If you think it may not unprofitably fill a corner in the Register, it is at your service. Yours, &c.,

Littleton, June, 1842.

SABBATH SCHOOLS HAVE FOR THEIR OBJECT THE SALVATION OF SOULS!

What more need be said by way of an argument to show their importance? The soul is what exists after death. It is immortal, lives on forever and ever. It is for the improvement of this part of our being, that we are placed in this world. It demands our most careful attention and strictest watch. The chief aim of every thing we do should be for its benefit. The Sabbath school has this opject most directly in view. And most blessed results it has produced. Much of its influence is secret and unseen to human eye, but none the less real. Enough is visible to show us its vast importance. How many can trace their first religious impressions to the Sabbath school! And how often do we read of seeds there sown, apparently on stony ground, or among thorns, springing up in after life and bearing much fruit!—Many there are who praise God, and many have died praising Him for the Sabbath school, where they first learned to love their Savior and to trust in Him.

The crimes prevented by this institution are almost incalculable. It has been often repeated, that a Sabbath school scholar is very seldom found in our penitentiaries, jails, prisons, &c. This is an undoubted evidence of their usefulness. The truths enforced by a faithful teacher enter the mind of his pupil, and when he is tempted to sin, they frequently appear before him with such vividness, that he is enabled to resist the evil.

The Sabbath school affords a good opportunity to the teacher, for discharging a duty he is too much inclined to neglect. We are bound to care for the souls of others,—and if we are christians, we shall care for them, and warn them of danger, and encourage them in duty. But we are apt to fear lest we intrude our thoughts and feelings where they are not wanted. Now the Sabbath school affords us a fit opportunity for speaking freely. There we meet those who come with the purpose of hearing religious instruction from our lips. And great will be our fault, if we do not feed them with the true and living bread.

One argument urged against Sabbath schools is, that it is taking the business out of parents' hands, to whom it most properly belongs to lead the minds of their children up to God, and teach them in the ways of holiness. But all children have not pious parents or guardians who are both able and willing thus to teach them. And even if they were, and did every parent perform his duty towards his child, is it possible for one to get too much instruction? What a parent cannot do for the mind and heart of his offspring perhaps another can. One may be able to reach the feelings and arrest the attention of a child, better than another who is equally successful in influencing those of another class.

There seems to be no just ground for disputing the usefulness of Sabbath schools. It cannot be denied that they have done much good, and probably will continue to be useful as long as the world remains as it is. B.

MEN KNOWN BY THEIR WORKS.

Christianity requires us to love our neighbor as ourself and do unto others as we would that they should do unto us, which simple requirements are vastly comprehensive. Yet how little do many, very many professing christians, heed these high commands of God. Always zealous in declaring them unto others, the idea that occasions are daily presented to themselves for their practical illustration seems never to find a lodgment in their hearts. Millions of dollars are contributed for the amelioration of the heathen, by those who daily witness in their very midst actual suffering from want of the necessaries of life, with cold indifference—contributing nothing for 'the amelioration of' *their* condition, and reluctantly giving even a listening ear to a recitation of their sufferings.—We have charity—we know that the principle of disinterested benevolence does exist in community—therefore we would be of the last to condemn without evidence. In the view of the case now taken we have this evidence continually about us. A case in point now occurs to us.

A maiden lady who keeps a boarding house on one of the corporations, is a professing christian, a church member, and has been among the first and foremost in the *Knapp excitement* and *midnight meetings* that have reigned here of late. At the same time a female boarder was sick, her situation requiring much attention—at least the decent treatment due to every one, high or low, in civilized society. This sick female, however, was very little cared for—her situation, though a struggle between the vital principle of life and the grim messenger of death, was of no consequence compared with the great work of *glorifying* God which was going on in *the church*!—The sick one was accordingly left to suffer, and if the evidence of friends may be relied upon, the fearful consequence of that inhuman neglect is, that she will never recover. How this hypocritical professor of that religion which requires us to do good on all occasions can reconcile her account with God, is a question we leave to her to settle. By their *works* shall they be known.—*Lowell Vox Populi.*

[From the Boston Courier.]

'RESPECTABILITY.'

Among the cases of divorce, which have met the action of the Connecticut Legislature, during its present session, is that of Sarah M. Jarvis, against the Rev. Dr. Jarvis. The New Haven Herald, giving an account of the facts of the case as stated to the Committee, pays a compliment to the impartiality and talent of the member who presented it, and says—'The high respectability of both [parties] was sustained, and not an inkling of reproach was laid to the character of either,' &c. &c. Now, with great deference, we would inquire, if it be consistent with 'high respectability' of character for a man and wife, to live in constant warfare, and to spread before the world the causes and progress of their domestic quarrels? For near twenty years, this loving and reverend couple have made their mutual complaints the topic of conversation—have exposed their ill-temper and their unmatrimonial connexion to the vulgar gaze in Europe and America—have appealed to the public, through the channel of the press, and to the judicial tribunals of the country—and have been a byword and a proverb, wherever their names are known. A poor laborer or mechanic, who should thus suffer his fire-side and bed-chamber brawls,—if he had any,—to become known, would be looked upon by nine-tenths of the community, as unfit for employment from persons of 'high respectability,' and if such a one, or his wife, should think of appealing to the public, or to any public tribunal other than the police court, people of 'high respectability' would turn up their noses as if all the offensive drugs in creation were before them. Of all others, a clergyman who quarrels with his wife, or a clergyman's wife, who quarrels with her husband, ought to receive no sympathy or respect from the public. Domestic brawls in high life deprive the parties of all claim to respect. At least, 'saints in crape' and 'saints in lawn,' ought to be examples of domestic peace and quiet to those who are only saints in 'leather and prunella.'

'IDEALITY.'

From 'Uncle Sam's Recommendations of Phrenology,' a work by the author of 'The District School as it was.'

'Man comes into the world one of the most unable creatures that have breath. He can do nothing well but feed, cry, and make others take care of him. But by-and-by he becomes a doer in earnest, and prides himself on his progress at doing. He does not stop at beginnings. Look at a little fellow whittling a stick: he can make chips, and that is all. But wait a while; that little chipper becomes the manufacturer of elegant furniture, or instru...ents of the most delicate fineness, vying with perfect Nature herself; or he is the distinguished architect of temples and capitols, the pride of a land.

There is miss with her scissors—the little slasher! What a difference between this rag-maker and the same being grown up into the artist, fashioning the attire with which woman rivals the flowers and the rainbow in grace!

A little boy is seen scrawling with coal upon the hearth, with chalk upon the walls, or scratching with an old nail. He is bungling at the shape of the human head, and his mother may be scolding him for 'marking up everything so.' But in a few years people are seen gathered around a splendid picture, it may be of a distinguished personage: the form seems to stand out from the canvass, almost ready to move forward and to speak, so perfect is the illusion. Or it may be a landscape which attracts: there are walls, trees, animals, waters, mountains, skies—just like reality, on that little space. Admirable! What skill! Whose is it? It is the work of that once-scolded hearth-scratcher.

A few years ago, a certain youth at Harvard College was much more fond of fingering with clay, mortar, blocks of wood, and plaster of Paris than with lexicons. He was trying to mould and carve the shapes of his acquaintances out of the materials, and rudely enough too, it may be. At any rate, when in boyhood, farther back, he began this sort of play-work, his images could not have been much like anything but themselves. Possible, Alma Mater knit her old gray brows, and scolded the lad for not using the right sort of manuals. His classic taste, too, did not suit her, as it was not for the inside, but the outside of ancient heads. But what cared he, so he fingered, and penknived, and chiselled away? Well, this same college-boy not long ago was employed by the national government to make the Father of our Country, as it were, live again in the grandeur and glory of sculpture. It is from his skill that Washington now sits majestic in marble at the Capitol.

Now the question is, What enables the artist so to labor on and on, and grow and grow, from his rude beginning to such wonderful perfection?

The lower animals do not so improve. They arrive at a certain point, and there they are fastened. Some men, also, seem to have but little of this capacity for advancement. Phrenology has discovered the organ of a faculty which is a sort of angel-guide and cheerer to the artist. It enables him to place before his mind's eye the *Idea* of something more perfect than he has yet accomplished. It says, Go on; mount up to this loftier attainment; equal all that has been done by others; excel them if you can. It is named Ideality.

Ideality, however, is exercised not only by the artist, but by the user of his productions. Combined with strong perceptive powers, it refines the taste, and affords an exquisite perception and enjoyment of the beautiful. You will now and then observe it shine forth delightfully in common life. Tasteful, perhaps splendid apparel is coveted—at least neatness is sought: dwellings, too, must make some show of architecture and of agreeable appurtenances. We know of some who reside in a little low cot, a very martin-box for size; but they have the perfective and beauty-loving principle, and they make a palace in miniature of their humble abode. Domicil and fence are neatly painted; verdant sward carpets the yard; and foliaged shrubbery shoots above, and flowering plants peep out here and there, or line the walk with their charms. Possibly, graceful young trees are beginning to overarch the little space of beauty with spreading magnificence. Go inside those inviting doors, and you find everything as neat and as tastefully arranged as a jeweller's box. You almost feel that you want your very best clothes on to look into the kitchen. It is Ideality which helps the Perceptives to these cheap and delightful embellishments. Would that it more frequently prevailed in our little villages and on our rural homesteads!

We must now be permitted to exhibit a contrast, for we would like to jog and wake up dormant faculties as we pass, or, at least, pronounce their epitaph if they are dead. There is another house, much larger than that martin-box of a cot; the owner is quite well off—even rich. But just look at that house, if your eyes can stand it a moment: outside, it presents about as much comeliness as an old shoe flung away along the road; the inside—if you will not enter, we will inform you—is about as inviting as that same old shoe filled with dust and cobwebs, and inhabited by 'critters.' Let us go along now.

Ideality has somewhat to do with the great enterprises of improvement in the country. Patriotic projectors must have it large; it is so in the portrait of De Witt Clinton, at this very moment to our view. How his soul must have glowed while he taught the Empire State to belt her greatness with the water, and jewel it with commerce! It was Ideality which helped pioneer for the smooth ways by which fire-souled Syeed now rushes through the very hills.

But we must leave this angel of the perfect to her glorious forthgoings, while we note those human fixtures on the earth who never look above their own sordid fingers nor beyond their own hobbling toes. There they are, fast in the mud, yea, in the very holes made by their grandfathers' old worn-out boots; and there they will stick, unless they should happen to look up as prosperous Enterprise glides along, and are tickled out by the chance of clinging to his skirts.

Then there are your legislators—the copper-counters, we now mean: they reckon by this sort of coin, because of an innate adaptation to it. They prefer to abuse time and burden space by their tardy, round-about tug-along, for the surpassingly wise reason that it will cost them and their constituents three cents, three quarters, and three mills apiece just now in order to go faster and quicker, and save millions of expense by-and-by and for evermore. But hold! let us be understood: when Ideality dashes on without Calculation and Conscientiousness in her company, and borrows and buys, and then leaves the tender, and possibly the seller, in the lurch of loss, and finally, midway, tumbles down, lost, into a gravel-pit, never to get out, or at least not soon—then we have nothing to say for her.

This allusion to the occasional misbehavior of our airy faculty puts us in mind of other instances of its perverted action. Some people possess it large, but with the excess of Acquisitiveness and a deficiency in Justice, it may be, and they are amazingly benevolent in making others benevolent. They keep their mouths open, and their eloquence gushing out like a water-spout, but their own money is as close in the pocket as their little hearts are under the muscle.

Others, with Ideality, but lacking moral balance, imagine Philanthropy to be a sweet, pretty thing. They wonder how people *can* be so unsympathetic. Look, what tears! hark, what sighs! They are dying with compassion—amid a luxurious home, with the last new novel, all clean except for those pity-drops, in their lily and jewelled fingers.

Then there is the Ideality that goes on her good-doing, or thinks she goes, without taking Common Sense in company. Perhaps she was never acquainted with that venerable sage, and knew not where to look for him. So she runs, she leaps, she flies, she soars away to the very stars in speculation, but alights not on a single twig of specific and feasible good. Howard, with his Ideality, just trudged along with some old rusty keys at his side, and found the very thing he was after, and did the very thing he desired. We might mention other glorious examples had we time and space; but they are already known, if not followed.

Again, there is that more ordinary Ideality which shows itself in conversation, much to the annoyance of good taste and common sense. In this case there is a power of words and a poverty of intellect, and so the prodigal will crush the puny shoots of thought all down with the gaudery of flowers; indeed, it is all blooms without stalk or stem: O, so exquisitely exquisite! Perhaps it will get into the grand: then what rainbows, and sunsets, and stars, with no philosophy of conversational light and shade: or mount to the sublime, and it is thunders, tornadoes, volcanoes, earthquakes at the cracking of a bank-bubble or marriage engagement.

This matter of conversation naturally brings us to the next and last field of Ideality, and its richest—Writing—that of eloquent prose and more glowing verse. We have not time now to touch on ordinary compositions. We speak of the works of lofty genius. With the intellectual powers strong, Ideality is the bold conductor to that mount of vision from which Genius surveys the beautiful, the grand, the glorious of universal matter and spirit. There she aids him to transfer to language what he discovers and would use. She assists him to imbue all with perennial freshness from the fount of his own feeling soul. Nature is nature and life is life in his productions, but spiritualized from their grossness, like as images glassed in still waters. We hang over the brink of his mirroring page, and gaze and live, self-forgetting, in the illusion; and when forced away, wish that we could carry it all with us in a perpetual consciousness.'

NEW TRACT—Unitarianism, a benevolent Faith, by Rev. J. Scott Porter, of Belfast, Ireland, being Tract, No. 178, of the A. U. A., price 3 cts.—Just published and for sale by J. MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington st. j4

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CONFORMITY.—A New Volume- By Charlotte Elizabeth.
Chapters on Church Yards.—by Caroline Southey; authoress of Solitary Hours, &c. &c. 12mo; this day published.
War and Peace, by Wm. Jay.—the evils of the first—also a plan for preserveing the last, by Wm. Jay. 12mo. just published.
D'Aubigne's Reformation. vol 3 recieved and for sale, by TAPPAN & DENNET. march 5

HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME—By Victor Hugo: with a sketch of the life and writings of the Author, by Fredrick Shobert, in 2 vols. For sale by TICKNOR, Agent, corner of Washington and School streets. m 19

NEW BOOKS.—The Climate of the United States, and its epidemic influences, based chiefly on the records of the Medical Department and Assistant General's office, United States army. By Samuel Forry, M. D.
The Zincali, or an account of the Gypsies of Spain, with an original collection of their songs and poetry. By George Barron,' late Agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Spain.'
The Daughters of England.—Their position in society, character and responsibilities.—By Mrs. Ellis.
Miscellaneous Poems—By Mrs. Jane E. Locke.—Zanoni, a Tale, by Sir Edward L. Bulwer, 2 vols, 12mo.
The Western Juvenile Harp, arranged for Sabbath and other Schools, by P. Frost.
The Man of Two Worlds, by Dr. William A. Alcott, author of House I live in &c.
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CLOTH STORE AND TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT, at 44 Washington street, 10 doors north of the Post Office.
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DICKENS WORKS FOR $4.—Pickwick Club, Nicholas Nickleby, Sketches Oliver Twist, Humphrey's Clock, Barnaby Rudge, by Charles Dickens in a readable type and on good paper, for sale by J. MUNROE, & CO. 134 Washington st. a 23

HAHNEMANN.—Doctrine et traitement Homœopathique des maladies chroniques traduit de L'Academie Royale de Medicine, in 2 vols.
Traite de Matiere Medicales, ou de L'Action pure des Medicamens Homœopathiques, in 3 vols. Just received from Paris, and for sale at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School streets. may 7

GREENWOOD'S HYMNS.
JENKS & PALMER have just published the thirtieth edition of 'a collection of psalms and hymns for Christian Worship,' by Rev. F. W. P. Greenwood.
This collection of Psalms and Hymns is universally approved, by all persons who have examined it; and has given great satisfaction where it has been used.
The following are some of the societies and towns in which the book is in use, viz.—King's Chapel, (Rev. F. W. Greenwood;) Hollis Street Society, (Rev. J. Pierpont;) Second Society (Rev. C. Robbins;) New South Society (Rev. A. Young;) Federal street Society (Rev. Dr. Channing;) Boston. Church of the Messiah New York (Pev. Dr. Dewey;) Cambridge, East Cambridge, West Cambridge, Cambridge Port, Roxbury, Milton, Dorchester, Chelsea, Marshfield, Watertown, Brookfield, Brighton, Weston, Lowell, Lexington, Newburyport, Sandwich, Sherburne, Uxbridge, Medfield, Lancaster, Chelmsford, Hingham, Ashby, Andover, Dover, Northboro', Bedford, Ipswich, Greenfield, Beverly, Dedham, Medford, Billerica, Waltham, Lynn, Brookline, Mass.—Portsmouth, Walpole, N. H.—Portland. Hallowell, Augusta, Bangor, Castine, Me.—Hartford, Conn.—Providence, Newport, R. I.—Brattleboro' Vt.—Richmond, Va.—Savannah, Geo.—Mobile, Ala —Alton, Ill.—St. Louis, Mo.—Louisville, Ky.—and many other places in New England and the Southern and Western States.
The book was enlarged upon publication of the sixteenth edition by the addition of about sixty Hymns. No farther alterations or additions are contemplated Societies and Clergymen are respectfully requested to examine this collection, and tthose wishing copies for that purpose will be supplied gratis, by applying to the Publishers, Boston, 134 Washington Street (up stairs.) *may 28.

NOTICE.
JAMES TOLMAN, No. 6 Congress street, has just received a complete assortment of Goods for Spring and Summer wear—consisting of all the varieties of Broadcloths Cassimeres and Vestings, and all other articles usually found in a Merchant Tailors establishment.
The above stock is fresh, and of the most desirable styles. All garments sold for prices, and made in a manner, that shall not be surpassed for cheapness and goodness by any other establishment in the city.—Friends and the public are invited to call. 3m a23

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CHURCH LAMPS, COMMUNION WARE, &c.—The subscribers offer for sale a complete assortment of Lamps, suitable for lighting Churches, Halls, Houses and Stores—including the new Solar and Hydrostatic, which are the best and cheapest Lamps now in use.
Plated and Britannia Communion Ware, in all its varieties. Also, a large assortment of Gold and Silver Watches, Chains and Keys, Silver Plated and Britannia Ware, Clocks, Tea Trays, Table Cutlery, Military Goods, and a great variety of fancy articles, suitable for presents, &c. For sale on favorable terms by HARRIS STANWOOD & CO, a30 29 Tremont Row, Boston.

NEW BOOKS.—Sketches of Foreign Travel and Life at Sea, including a cruise on board a man of war, as also a visit to Spain, Portugal, the South of France, Italy, Sicily, Malta, the Indian Islands, Continental Greece, Liberia and Brazil; and treatise on the Navy of the United States; by Rev Charles Rockwell, late of U S Navy; 2 vols.
Tecumseh, or The West Thirty Years Since; by George H Colton.
A Voice to Youth, addressed to Young Men and Ladies; by Rev J M Austin.
Just received by W. CROSBY & CO, 118 Washington st. a23

EASY LESSONS IN PERSPECTIVE.—Including instructions for sketching from nature.
It is the object of this book to explain the elements of Perspective, together with the art of sketching from nature, in a familiar manner, so as to render them intelligible to the young, and those not skilled in mathematics and geometry. It is believed that any one having a competent skill in drawing, may gain from this book all the knowledge requisite to sketch from nature correctly. For sale by S. G. SIMPKINS, 21 Tremont Row. a 16

MONTHLY MISCELLANY of Religion and Letters, for May—Contents—the Opening of the Seals—'Mere Morality' and 'No Religion,' a Sermon by Rev. H. W. Bellows, of New York; Sayings and Doings at Home—Abraham's Meditations—Spheres of Life—an Address spoken at the funeral of the Rev. George Whitney, by Rev. George Putnam; Visit to a Cotton Mill, or illustrations of Life—Notices of recent Deaths—Notices of Books—Intelligence, &c—published by WM. CROSBY & CO, 118 Washington st. m7

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VALUABLE WORK OF TRAVELS.—Notes on a Tour through Turkey, Greece, Egypt, Arabia, Petrea to the Holy Land, including a Visit to Athens, Sparta, Delphi, Cairo, Thebes, &c., by E. J. Morris—2vols. Just received and for sale by SAXTON & PEIRCE, 133 Washington st. m28

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Fathers and Sons, a novel, by Theodore Hork, 2v, 12mo. What's to be Done, or the Will and the Way, by Harriet Martineau, author of Wealth and Worth, 1vol, 18mo. For sale by SAXTON & PEIRCE, 133 Washington st. m28

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THE BAPTISMAL QUESTION—Just published and for sale at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School streets. A Review of Rev. Messrs. Cooke and Towne's Hints to an Inquirer on the Subject of Baptism. By William Hague, Pastor of Federal Street Baptist Church. Also, as above, Towne's Hints and Winslow's Sermon. june 4

MEDITATIONS AND ADDRESSES ON PRAYER, by the Rev. Hugh White, A. M., 1st American from 10th Dublin edition.
Owen's Spiritual Mindedness, the Grace and Duty, declared and practically improved, by John Owen, D. D.
Manual of Sacred Interpretation, for the special benefit of Junior Theological Students and the general reader, by Alexander McClelland, Professor in the Theological Seminary, New Brunswick, N. J.
The Moral Influence, dangers and duties connected with great cities, by John Todd.
Krummacher's Parables, translated from the German; Punchard's History of Congregationalism; do view of Congregationalism; Philips Guides to the Doubting, Perplexed, Conscientious, &c.—for sale by TAPPAN & DENNET, 114 Washington st. a16

NEW BOOKS.—Barrow's Gypsies—This day received by TICKNOR, Agent, corner of Washington and School st. The Zincali; or an account of the Gypsies of Spain, with an original collection of their Songs and Poetry, by George Borrow, late Agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Spain—also recieved as above. The Crisis of Heaven's Love and Earth's Hate, in the trial and crucifixion of the Lord Jesus Christ; by Enoch Mack.
Periodicals for April, already received—The Lady's Book; Graham's Magazine; The Dial. my 21

PALFREY'S LECTURES—Academical Lectures on the Jewish Scriptures and Antiquities, by J. Gorham Palfrey, D. D., L. L. D., vol 2d, Genesis and Prophets—a few sets remaining will be furnished at subscription price, by the publishers, J. MUNROE & CO, 134 Washington st. m7

LIVERMORE'S COMMENTARY.—In press the second volume comprising Mark, Luke, John, will be ready in a few weeks, also a new edition of the first volume comprising Matthew, will be published next week. NO. 134, Washington st. opposite School st. a 16

SEVENTY FIVE CENTS!—A large assortment of Bronze, Fawn and Black Kid Ties, at the low price of seventy-five cents a pair—this day received at T. H. BELL'S, 155 Washington st., opposite the Old South Church. 3wis m7

THE CHRISTIAN INHERITANCE, or a collection of the promises of Scripture, under their proper heads, representing the blessings promised, and the duties to which promises are made, by Samuel Clarke, D. D.
Hervey's Meditations and Contemplations, with a sketch of his life, London edition.
Doddridge's Rise and Progress, London edition; Sacred Poetry, consisting of selections from the works of the most admired writers, edited by Rev. H. Stebbing, A. M. Received and for sale by TAPPAN & DENNET, 114 Washington st. m7

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